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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE effect of the Prime Minister's statement on conscription and of Sir Samuel Hoare's account of A.R.P. will be, we hope, a realisation that the only thing to do about modern war is to stop it. Preparations against totalitarian war involve, in short, so complete a disintegration of normal life in a centralised country that they must remain paper schemes unless the pressure of imminent danger forces a sudden transformation of all our habits, places and means of living. It is good for people to understand this; we hope that those who are beginning to talk as if war were inevitable will think again and devote their energies to supporting any possible move to prevent Europe from rushing to destruction. There is no "cause" that is worth this war, because there is no cause that we can serve by it; the only task worth a civilised man's attention is whether, in the perhaps short period immediately ahead of us, while Germany is not yet ready for a great war, we can so check the drive of Fascism that Hitler is prepared to discuss instead of to fight.

Defence Obscurities

It was left to the Prime Minister on Wednesday night to tidy up the political disarray caused by Sir Thomas Inskip's curiously off-hand announcement that, immediately war breaks out, a Bill will be introduced to secure nation-wide mobilisation of man-power. Mr. Chamberlain explained that this did not mean the application of conscription for non-military purposes, but that military service—presumably within specified age limits and with exemptions for persons in essential employment (no mention was made of a "conscience" clause)—would probably be compulsory, as it was in the latter part of the last war, but that the decision would obviously rest with the Government of the day. This statement to some extent clarified the Government's intentions; but it did not dispose of the question whether it is sensible to train men of military age as air-wardens, and so forth, if they are liable to be conscripted for other service in the event of war. The truth probably is that the Government have no clear conception of the sort of calls on man-power they would have to make in the event of a general European war; but it seems equally evident that A.R.P. alone would involve a large measure of compulsion, since the removal of 3½ million people from London alone and the evacuation of perhaps 10 millions in the country as a whole could scarcely be done by purely voluntary effort. So far as could be judged from Wednesday's debate, far-reaching schemes for the evacuation of cities, requisitioning of accommodation, provision

of shelters, etc., are being worked out—on paper. But on paper they will remain, unless and until peace is broken.

The Bombers' Work

General Franco's bombers have had a busy week. They have attacked Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona, Sagunto and other towns and villages, and they are estimated to have killed and wounded something like 1,500 men, women and children in these raids. On Tuesday they carried out a particularly foul exploit on the little town of Granollers, which is of no military importance whatsoever. Sixty bombs are reported to have been dropped, and 200 people killed and 500 injured. A large number of these victims were women waiting in a queue for their potato ration. Nor is this devilry confined to the destruction of Spanish lives and property. Three more British ships have been sunk at Valencia within the past week, and these outrages, like others in the past, as Miss Rathbone protested in the House of Commons the other day, are met with nothing but futile protests from the British Government. Since the beginning of the war, she said, " no fewer than 27 men have been killed and 37 injured by the insurgents or their allies while serving in British vessels doing legitimate trade with observers on board." What is to be done? Technically any British ship that ties up to unload in a harbour during a war does so at its own risk. But we can scarcely believe that the Conservative benches of the House of Commons would have remained indifferent if the bombs had been dropped by Spanish Government aeroplanes in Franco ports. The British Government is sending another protest, in stronger words. But will any words impress Franco?

Butchery in China

The Japanese airmen have been carrying out equally ruthless and devastating raids. The official estimates of the number of civilians killed at Canton in the four successive attacks from Saturday to Tuesday varied between 1,000 and 2,000. The *Times* correspondent suggests that these figures may be exaggerated; but he does not belittle the horror and savagery of the destruction, and the facts give the lie to the assertions of the Japanese that they only aim at " military objectives." " Giving them the benefit of the doubt," he says, " perhaps 70 per cent. of their bombing this week-end has had some conceivable relevance to military, administrative or industrial objectives; the rest has been either completely malignant or wildly maladroit." Presumably, this policy of terrorism and butchery will be intensified, since the Japanese Government has been reconstructed in order to ensure " a more vigorous prosecution of the war." The Cabinet now contains five representatives of the Services, all in key positions. The new Foreign Minister is General Ugaki, who in past years has been War Minister in several Cabinets, and the Ministry of Education is appropriately filled by the notorious General Araki, most militant of imperialists.

Election in Eire

Defeated in the Dail by a single vote on his refusal to accept a Labour motion transferring the determination of Civil Service wages from the Government to an independent tribunal, Mr. De Valera has appealed to the country—for the second time in twelve months. It is not on the Labour Party's proposal that the election will be fought. The real issue is the Anglo-Irish agreement. This concluded, Mr. De Valera doubtless reckons that he has effectively spiked the guns of his official opponents. Mr. Cosgrave is reduced to complaining that the agreement involves for Eire great burdens in defence expenditure and the abandonment of hopes that she might be neutral in the next war. This line of reasoning sits too oddly on " loyalist " lips to have much effect on the electorate. Mr. De Valera's dangers lie rather in the lack of general popular enthusiasm for his diplomatic achievements in London, the cry of " treacherous bargain with the enemy " which the I.R.A. elements may raise, the discontent of the working class at the rising cost of living, and his own inability to promise either reunion with Ulster or a greater economic prosperity than the very qualified blessings which Eire now enjoys. If, as seems to be on the cards, Mr. Cosgrave loses and Labour wins seats, Fianna Fail may be no better placed in the next Dail than in the last. That is, the Government may still lack an absolute majority without Labour support. In that case it is a safe bet that Mr. De Valera will endeavour somehow to rid himself of the trammels of proportional representation.

More Trouble in Jamaica

There has been a fresh outbreak of strikes and rioting in many parts of Jamaica. In some places police and troops are engaged in serious struggles with the crowds. At Mandeville, Mr. Bustamente, the Labour leader who has been released, tried to calm the demonstrators, and promised to put their grievances before the Conciliation Board. The Conciliation Board has recommended that labourers under the Public Works Department should have their wages raised from 3*s.* to 3*s.* 9*d.* a day, and the Department has agreed. But this and other rises that have been granted only touch the fringe of the discontent—and it is significant that Mr. Bustamente was told by the people at Mandeville that they wanted land to cultivate, not a shilling a day for breaking stones. In a letter in our correspondence columns, Lord Olivier refers to particulars of wages given him by the Colonial Office. These are indeed deplorable. The rates range in a number of different districts from 1*s.*, 1*s.* 3*d.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* a day to 2*s.* or 2*s.* 6*d.* (in a couple of cases to 3*s.*) Some improvement may be hoped for from the formation of new Trade Unions which is going on in many parts of the island. But it is clear that far more drastic remedies are needed for the widespread destitution.

Presidential Da Capo

With only a little light relief in the form of German espionage " sensations," the great American depression deepens. President Roosevelt appears to have abandoned his attempts to conciliate the capitalist tiger. True, he did not veto the Tax Bill, with its concessions to Big Business in the matter of capital gains and undistributed profits; but he ostentatiously withheld his signature from the measure as a token of his disapproval. Moreover, with his Arthurdale speech, he created fresh gloom in Wall Street by parading all the familiar slogans of the New Deal—social progress, the raising of " un-American standards of life " and so forth. The American bour-

geoisie, foreseeing from this Presidential reversion to first beginnings an anti-business Democratic platform for the November Congressional elections, has been confirmed in its determination to stay on strike. Meanwhile, business paralysis spreads. The railways slide into universal bankruptcy, commodity prices continue to slump and unemployment to mount. The soul of the New Deal may go marching on, but its body of achievement lies mouldering in a sticky economic morass.

Italy's Finances

Italy is in some respects a great deal less "totalitarian" than Germany. The Italian Senate has this week been discussing Signor Mussolini's methods of public finance in a critical spirit that Nazism would never tolerate. The yield of the capital levy imposed last year has been a great deal smaller than was expected, partly because of numerous concessions made in response to capitalist complaints and partly because of current economic difficulties. Consequently the Italian Budget is even more unbalanced than it was expected to be, and ordinary expenditure is not covered by revenue. This means increasing reliance on short-term borrowing, which in turn tends to produce inflationary effects on prices. In addition, this year's harvest prospects are bad, and the price of bread is being allowed to rise. In order to limit the increase in the basic cost of living, Signor Mussolini has now stabilised rents and the prices charged by public utility concerns at the existing levels until 1940—thus preventing landlords and public companies from raising prices in accordance with the depreciation of the lira. In this sort of juggling the Fascists are as totalitarian, if not as adept, as the Nazis. But they are not so well able to suppress grumbling, or to prevent the people from understanding their little games. In view of the pressure on the Italian money market and the growing difficulty of holding prices in, it seems impossible that Mussolini can much longer keep his two wars going at once. Hence, no doubt, his pressure on General Franco for more "frightfulness" designed to hasten the end.

National Planning Commission

It is now nearly twenty years since the first Housing and Town Planning Act was passed; yet the fruits of that measure and its successors, ending with the Act of 1932, have been pitiably meagre. Twenty-four million acres, or nearly two-thirds of the area of England and Wales, are now supposed to be covered by embryonic local planning schemes; but less than one-hundredth part of that total is subject to plans finally approved. Moreover, not only has the progress achieved by local authorities been dilatory, but the whole conception of physical planning is frustrated by the absence of any national policy to co-ordinate local decisions. What part of England should be reserved for agriculture? What proportion of land adjacent to cities and not yet built over should be sterilised in the form of "green belts"? Above all, what future national road plans or decisions (strategic or economic) as to the location of industry are there to guide local authorities in their schemes? At present the speculative builder may guess; but Heaven alone knows. Hence a well-reasoned proposal, put forward by the Town Planning Institution, that a new organ of central Government should be created in the form of a Planning Commission responsible to a Cabinet Minister at present without portfolio. The functions of such a Commission would be advisory and not executive; but it would be its task to acquaint itself into Government policy, if not to influence it; and in the light of that knowledge to supervise and co-ordinate all local planning schemes.

The Engineers Say "No"

The Amalgamated Engineering Union, after a debate in the course of which a good many uncomplimentary things were said about the Government's foreign policy and its methods of handling the armament problem, contented itself with a resolution declaring that the case for "dilution of labour" had not been made out. Attempts to make the resolution "political"—in the sense of pledging the Union not to co-operate without satisfactory assurances about foreign policy—were defeated; for most of the delegates seem to have realised that it would be impossible to draft such a resolution in terms which might not lead to serious embarrassments later on. Consequently, there is no pronouncement against co-operation in the armament programme; and the future is left open. It was indeed a foregone conclusion that the vote would go against dilution of labour. Unemployment among skilled engineers is increasing fast; and the Government's demands have been so indefinite as to leave entirely vague what it actually requires the Trade Unions to do. The employers, taking advantage of the Government's action, appear to have demanded a free hand to abrogate Trade Union customs, even without the limitation of profits which accompanied the abrogation in 1915.

The Airways Scandal

Tuesday's debate on the grievances of the pilots employed by Imperial Airways raised at least two important questions of principle. Are companies on which the Government is officially represented by publicly appointed directors of its own free will to adopt an anti-Trade Union policy? And are such directors to be treated, on account of their position on a profit-making company, as beyond the reach of parliamentary criticism or control? The first of these issues has arisen previously in the case of the B.B.C. The second has also arisen over the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and, earlier, over the British Dyestuffs Corporation. It may at any time arise over other leaders of a semi-public or part-public type. At present, it appears, Government-appointed directors are free, and expected, to act without any responsibility to the public in such matters as the labour policy of the companies on which they serve; and any attempt to criticise them is rebutted by a simple refusal on the Government's part to pass judgment on their attitude. Sir Kingsley Wood, on Tuesday, simply refused to discuss the astonishing charges made against the company by Mr. Montague and other speakers, or to produce the report by the Government directors on which he based his rejection of the Opposition case. Possibly the ventilation of the trouble may now bring about some amendment of the company's attitude. But this will not dispose of the matters of principle. Representatives of the public, no matter where they serve, ought to be subject to public criticism of their policy.

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THE STRUGGLE IN MEXICO

Is New Spain to become another Spain? Several parallels indicate such a danger. Mexico is a semi-feudal country, in which foreign capitalism has entrenched itself. It has oil, silver and other minerals and is potentially a rich country. It remains poor because of its backward social and economic system. To complete the simile, Mexico, like Spain, is situated at a strategical cross-roads controlled so far by democratic nations—the U.S.A. and Britain—but coveted by the Fascist triangle, Japan, Italy and Germany.

The present Government of President Cardenas displays a genuine determination to bring about those social and economic reforms which are indispensable if the peons' standard of living is to be raised from the level of the Chinese peasant to that warranted by nature's dowry of indigenous wealth. The problem is essentially simple. The liabilities of geography—poverty of soil, deserts, swamps—must be offset by the assets of geology, the treasures of the subsoil—oil, silver, gold. This change of the national balance sheet requires that irrigation, drainage and mechanisation of agriculture should be paid for out of the proceeds from raw material exploitation. Yet the land until a short time ago was owned by a few feudal landlords and the Church, and both were satisfied with extensive cultivation, which meant exploiting man power instead of harnessing nature and machinery to increase output. The mineral wealth of Mexico is controlled by large groups of foreign capitalists, who are interested in sending profits to their far-away shareholders rather than in contributing to the general development of the country from whose soil and inhabitants these profits were extracted.

Cardenas in the first half of his six years' term of office concentrated on agrarian reform, which, more than any other single issue, was the promise and object of the revolution of 1910. He split up the large estates and divided them among their former labourers. This was a simple democratic reform meant to turn a feudal into a capitalist economy. It did not work. Ignorant of the scientific methods and unequipped with the necessary machinery, the peons, who had become small-holders, failed even to produce as much as their feudal overlords had forced them to produce in the past. The result was a dangerous increase in food prices threatening irreconcilable antagonism between urban labour and the middle classes, on the one hand, and the rural population on the other. Cardenas therefore began to replace feudal plantations by co-operative and State-owned farms. Public funds were supplied to finance semi-socialised agriculture, and in order to save the money sunk in land reform the State had to lay down a programme of production. What had set out to be a regime of liberal reformers was, by the force of necessity, driven into a policy of socialistic planning.

Later still, when it was necessary to provide machinery and capital for land improvement schemes on long-term credit, the Government had to squeeze the oil concerns, the majority of which are owned by British capital. The sequel is common knowledge. The workers demanded higher wages and the companies refused. The workers struck. The Government promised to settle the dispute by arbitration through the National Labour Board. The men returned and the Board began to negotiate. The companies remained adamant. These developments filled the greater part of last year. Finally, last December, the Labour Board published its award, granting the men most of their demands. The companies refused to obey the Board's decision. They produced balance sheets to prove that the total increase of pay roll and other concessions demanded from them and estimated by the Government at 26 million pesos annually would put them out of business. Their profits in the preceding year, they argued, had only amounted to 22 million pesos, and furthermore the concessions expected from them in health services as well as wages would cost not merely 26 but 45 million pesos. The Government replied that the balance sheets of the companies gave an untrue picture of actual conditions, and the dispute was taken to the Supreme Court, which upheld the case of the men. The companies said they would rather close down than give way.

Now the constitution drafted after the 1910–17 revolution had laid down the principle that all the riches of the soil were national property and that all foreign concerns must operate in Mexico as Mexican firms and renounce the privilege of invoking the diplomatic and military protection of their Governments whenever their interests were threatened. It also decreed that firms could be expropriated against compensation if this were in the national interest. On this perfectly legal basis President Cardenas, after long and patient negotiation, took the ultimate decision of expropriating the oil companies. He promised them adequate compensation. The companies sought refuge behind the skirts of their home Government, trusting that its imperialist tradition would move it to "stern action."

Downing Street replied with a note which politely recognised the constitutional right of Mexico to expropriate in the national interest, provided that adequate compensation were granted, but argued that it was not in the national interest of Mexico to expropriate the companies, because Mexico could not operate the oil wells as profitably as the companies had done, and that the past record of Mexico did not hold out hopes for the promise of compensation being honoured. Mexico rejected these arguments. Whereupon the British Government produced a demand for £20,000, an instalment on a long-standing debt for damage done to British property in the Mexican revolution twenty years ago. It reiterated its protest against expropriation and thought it wise to write down a few reflections on Mexico's internal and foreign credit. Mexico paid to the penny, but broke off diplomatic relations and pointed out that, seen from the other side of the Atlantic the record of certain Great Powers as honest debt-payers was not much better than its own. The British Minister left Mexico City, and the envoy of Denmark is now looking after Britain's interest in that capital. There the matter rests at the moment. Meanwhile, however, the companies have tried to organise a boycott of Mexican oil in the world market, attempting to brand any willing customer as a receiver of stolen property and considering such a person or persons as breaking the solidarity of the capitalist international.

President Cardenas in a speech to his nation said that the companies would be indemnified out of the proceeds accruing from the sale of oil. He also said that in this

epoch of threatening conflict between the democratic countries of the world and the Fascist bloc he would always consider it his duty to put Mexican oil at the disposal of those nations who were threatened with Fascist aggression. It was a clear pointer to Britain not to let its Government make the case of the oil companies the case of the nation and thus to prevent driving Mexico to sell its oil to other countries.

Such countries are only too busy exploiting the Mexican situation in their own favour. For some time past the Fascist alliance has been casting envious eyes on Mexico. Japan besieged Cardenas with tempting offers for "fishery rights" off the lower California coast and for "experimental cotton lands"—submarine and air bases in striking distance of California and Texas would be another way of putting it. Italy has actively supported the Mexican Fascist groups (the Catholics and landlords discontented with the anti-church and anti-feudal policy, supported by middle classes, restive elements which dislike increasing food prices and fear the Socialist tendencies of the Government). Germany, through an agent of a certain German banking firm, has offered to take Mexican oil in barter for machinery, arms, experts. All three Fascist countries have subsidised anti-Government newspapers and organisations.

Suddenly, three weeks ago, news reached this country of the outbreak of rebellion in the State of San Luis Potosi, stronghold of the discontented reactionary General Saturnino Cedillo. Cedillo had once been a leading figure in the revolution. But he had parted company with Cardenas who, unlike most Mexican revolutionary leaders, has tried to help the poor of Mexico and has advanced to what many of his former colleagues consider dangerous radicalism. Cedillo was the more serious an opponent because in the last two years those German military advisers who had come to Mexico after the war, as they went to China and the South American republics, had begun to rank themselves with the groups who began to oppose Cardenas and form a definite staff round Cedillo. Berlin began to use them successfully, and when the revolt broke out they appeared as active advisers and go-betweens for Mexico's Franco.

The key to Mexico is still in Washington. As long as President Roosevelt sees to it that no arms reach the rebels across the Texan border it will be difficult for the Fascists to win the day. This at least is the lesson of the past, when every Mexican revolution backed from the North was successful, while all others proved abortive. If, however, the rebels should succeed in gaining control of a port and increasing the present volume of gun-running from pro-Fascist Guatemala, the position might become more difficult. In any case, as far as Great Britain is concerned even loyalty to imperialist principles should induce a policy in support of Cardenas. Mexican oil might prove very useful in case of a war when access through the Mediterranean to the Near Eastern oil fields might become precarious. It is to be hoped that British capitalism is not again inclined to back a Fascist rebel at the cost of establishing German, Italian and Japanese influence. Even from the point of view of a Conservative Government (with a modicum of common sense) solidarity with Washington in preventing the spread of Fascism in the Western hemisphere should be an acceptable policy.

CZECHS AND GERMANS

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN PRAGUE]

BETWEEN the German annexation of Austria and the week-end of May 21st, there was a general feeling that Benes was trapped, that the Czechoslovak Republic was rapidly disintegrating and that its last remains would soon be sold to Hitler by the Czech Agrarians. A quite remarkable change has now occurred, and it is perhaps primarily due to the Czech General Staff. On Wednesday, May 18th, Reich German soldiers with tanks were massed behind motorised S.S. and S.A. on the German-Czech frontier in Saxony and elsewhere. Herr Henlein discreetly disappeared, and there was every indication that Sudeten German disturbances were being prepared in order to justify an invasion from the Reich. It was possible to observe from the Czech side of the frontier that consignments of arms were being moved into German houses directly on the frontier—one of these was pointed out to me the other day, a roomy building divided only by a narrow twisting stream from the houses on the Czechoslovak bank. On May 20th General Krejči, the commander-in-chief of the Czechoslovak Army, presented an ultimatum to the Prague Government; he refused to accept responsibility for the consequences unless a number of the reserves were called up at once.

The military operations which followed were carried out with extraordinary speed and precision. The men believed they were going off to the long-expected war at last; chance onlookers who happened to see consignments of troops leaving for the frontiers were everywhere impressed by the quiet confidence and determination they were able to witness. The military thoroughness with which the difficult frontier districts have been occupied is also exceedingly impressive. All along the Erzegebirge, for instance, the roads are barricaded, the bridges ready to be blown up, and so on. The Czechs are convinced that the prompt action of their General Staff saved Europe from war on May 21st. They are sufficiently proud in this belief to accept the relaxation of their administrative hold upon the predominantly German districts for the time being. They have good reason to believe that the two Sudeten Germans who were shot dead early on May 21st by the Czech frontier guard were carrying important information to Germany, but they regard the Adolf Hitler wreaths at their funeral as a piece of German pretentiousness which it is possible to ignore because the Czech army has the situation in hand. The Czechoslovak Government, while refusing to bow to all the Reich German demands in connection with this incident, have accepted the Eger funeral on May 25th as a cheap recompense to Herr Hitler for the prestige which the preceding week-end had temporarily cost him. Meanwhile the German wireless has been busy sanctifying the two new martyrs of its Race.

The calling up of the Czechoslovak reserves has underlined the alliance of the Army with the people against the Germanophile policy of at least the right wing of the Agrarian Party. The communal elections which have been taking place may be said to confirm this assertion in the swing to the left which is evident in the Czech interior of the country. In spite of the increase in the population and in spite of the indirect advantages reaped by the Agrarians through their domination of the administrative machine, the votes for their party are stationary or reduced, while all the groups further to the right may be said to have been practically wiped out. The voting in Prague, where the people naturally react more quickly to external events, is the most striking. The two most successful parties have proved to be the Czech National Socialists and the Communists. The Czech National Socialists, who, unlike National Socialists in neighbouring countries, are democrats and enemies to all forms of Fascism, are the party with which Dr. Benes has always been associated. The increase in their numbers may be regarded as something of a demonstration in his favour. To-day there are many Czechs who wish that

the President would take matters more firmly into his own hands; he is certainly in a stronger position than he has known for some months and they believe he might be well advised to make the most of it.

The increase in the Communist vote in Prague is primarily a Slavonic tribute to Russia. It has long become traditional for Pan-German extremism to evoke Pan-Slav sentiments among the Czechs. The circumstances of the moment are strengthening this tendency. Though they seldom admit it in public, the Czechs are becoming embittered by the behaviour of Great Britain and even of France, who have urged them to endanger the existence of their State ostensibly in the interests of the Sudeten Germans who are generally admitted to be the best treated minority in Europe. The old " big brother Russia " feeling has been fortified by the absolute confidence felt by the Czechs that, when it is necessary, Russia will come to their help and that she will do so without imposing injurious conditions, indeed without imposing any conditions at all. There are people who whisper that if the Agrarians fail to comprehend the feeling of the people there may be a new " defenestration " in Prague any day; others say the Agrarian ministers are already afraid to bring back the soldiers to Prague for fear of the spirit they may show.

So much for the Czechs in the Czechoslovak Republic. As for the Slovaks, the longing glances which both Poland and Hungary are directing towards them are at least premature. The communal elections have brought both success and failure to the Slovak autonomist party, which is in any case genuinely autonomist, not separatist. No serious change of feeling is evident in Slovakia except that the Communist Party has here had noticeable losses, while the Hungarian united opposition is on the other hand emphatically strengthened. Thus the Hungarian and the Sudeten German minority questions remain the major problems which the Republic has to face; and the size and strength of Germany and of the Sudeten German population make the Hungarian question a mere corollary.

Since Austria has disappeared and the Henlein Party has become frankly Nazi, the Sudeten Germans have lived in a frenzy of expectation. Under pressure, not only from Germany but also from the West, to avoid any measures which might be represented as provocative, the Czech authorities have virtually given the Henlein Party a free hand. The Hitler salute has become an every-day greeting, though the Nazi Party and its practices have been officially forbidden since 1933. The Czech State police in the German districts have simply ignored the breaking of the law in the last two months. The Henleinists have therefore been free to intimidate all those Sudeten Germans who had failed to follow their lead. The most effectual pressure has been exerted through the entrepreneurs, although anything of this kind is also forbidden by the law. Working people who were known to be anti-Henleinist have been dismissed for no other reason, or threatened with dismissal so forcibly that they have felt compelled to become members of the Sudeten German Party; unemployment is still far too prevalent for the ordinary man to feel able to take any risks with his job. Not merely adults, but school-children have been subjected to ostracism at the instigation of the teachers, who, though they are paid by the Czechoslovak Republic, have long been notorious for their disloyalty to the state.

On May 21st the Sudeten Germans awoke to find, not, as they had fondly expected, Hitler and his soldiers on the hills and in the forests around them, but the Czechoslovak army instead. While the German democrats could not but hail the troops as their defenders against their persecutors, the Henleinists regarded them as a last moment attempt at electoral intimidation. Nazi salutes were damped down and the authority of the State to some extent reasserted, but feeling ran higher than ever. The Henleinists had done everything they could to make the communal elections into a pro-German plebiscite, and the troop movements helped them to insist that one either voted German or not. On the other hand, some of the democratic Sudeten Germans felt more secure, and it cannot be said that the voting on the last two Sundays has been materially affected. In view of the fact that two other parties joined the Sudeten German Party in March the increase in its votes since 1935 is surprisingly small. It should here be pointed out that the Czechoslovak Government appears to have arranged for elections to be held in communes where the Henleinists were particularly strong and the German Social Democrats particularly weak. But it should also be observed that the actual voting was perfectly correct, and there were no signs of any kind of propaganda in or around the polling places in a strongly Henleinist town like Komotau. Although the Sudeten German Party has gained relatively little, to the unpolitical eye its triumph is certain to appear tremendous, and this is, of course, a fresh gain in itself. For the state of mind of the majority of the Sudeten Germans can only be described as utterly hysterical. Hitler has become a wizard who brought down the Czech aeroplane at Weipert by magic. Women have been heard to exclaim that they wish for nothing but to bear Adolf Hitler a child and to die. . . .

The profound and profoundly contrary emotions experienced by the Czechs and the Sudeten Germans in the last week or so have inevitably hardened the division between them. On the other hand, the nationalities-statute which the Czechoslovak Government has now all but completed might provide a very satisfactory basis of co-operation with minorities which genuinely accepted the present frontiers of the State. Since Czech feeling will scarcely allow Dr. Hodža to make greater concessions than the draft statute contains, it is once again a question of Herr Henlein's orders from Berlin. It is by no means impossible that these may now indicate a return to Trojan Horse methods and a demand for seats in the Cabinet. Even should Czech opinion accept such a project, an explosion would be difficult to avoid, if, as they would be bound to do, the Henleinist Ministers attempted to destroy the links between Prague and Moscow.

A LONDON DIARY

THE job of Cabinet Secretary, which Sir Maurice Hankey has now given up and Mr. Bridges takes over, is really the best job in England. Prime Ministers come and go, but the Cabinet Secretary is like the King, permanent and therefore, as time goes on, able to speak with the unique authority of continuous experience. Like the King he has the chance of seeing all documents and, unlike the King, he has the actual opportunity instead of the theoretical right, of being consulted and giving advice and, if necessary, warning Ministers of the consequences of their policy. He has the additional power of being able, probably in consultation with the Premier, of arranging the agenda for Cabinet meetings—an immense power, because if the agenda is long the things that come first get debated and decided and the things that come last get skimped and postponed. Sir Maurice has the peculiar qualification of a devastatingly good memory: he is notorious among Ministers for recalling what they would prefer forgotten during the records of the last twenty years. He has been Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence as well as to the Cabinet and has not always found himself in recent months in agreement on the technicalities of defence policy. It should be remembered that Sir Maurice's background is naval. In any case, he is over sixty and the Suez Canal job, supplemented, I gather, by some City directorships, will be a remunerative substitute for what I repeat is the most influential and interesting job in this country.

* * *

There are serious and informed people who believe that something may come out of the Non-Intervention Committee before long. I shall believe it when I see it. It is really thought possible that commissioners will shortly go out to count heads and arrange for the evacuation of foreign troops. No one knows how many troops there are; a conservative estimate puts the Germans at about 12,000, the

Italians admit, I understand, to 39,000 (this may be well much below the truth), while the total number of foreigners now remaining on the Government side is given as 6,000. The Germans present the most difficult problem because they are engaged, not so much in fighting, as in running Franco Spain, which they no doubt expect to go on doing; Germans occupy administrative posts everywhere—on the railways, in the post office and wireless and so forth. And they may take a lot of dislodging. The Italians are thought to present an easier proposition; Mussolini talks as if he were ready to withdraw his troops, and Franco is said not to have much use for them. We shall see. Then comes the problem of the volunteers on the Government side. The few hundred Soviet advisers and technicians can be recalled when the Russian Government desires, but the Thaelmann and Garibaldi battalions obviously cannot be sent back to Germany and Italy. Indeed, the difficulty of the International Brigade's position is just this—that these brave men are genuine volunteers who may intensely dislike leaving Spain before the war is over. The technical problem will be difficult, too; some Governments, the Italian for instance, see difficulty in providing the necessary cash for their share in setting up evacuation camps. To get over this money difficulty it has been suggested that supply officers go to the capital city of each country involved and arrange not for cash, but for some contribution towards the necessary equipment. tents from one country, barbed wire from a second, and provisions from another. It is to be hoped that the supply officer who goes to Berlin will not be tactless enough to ask for butter; he might get guns instead.

* * *

Every profession encourages a particular habit of thought. Colonel Blimp's pronouncements are different from Dr. Blimp's or Bishop Blimp's. And I wish that some competent psychologist could study the effect that the practice of the law has upon the human temperament. When Mrs. Casserley was brought before Mr. Justice Humphreys last week, she was sobbing and required support as she entered the dock. "What is the matter with her," his Lordship inquired, "What is the matter with her apart from being pregnant? A great many other people have been pregnant." Mrs. Casserley was expecting a child in three months, and the father of the child had just been sentenced to twelve years penal servitude for manslaughter. I do not believe that anyone except a judge would have needed to inquire what was the matter with her.

* * *

Because freedom is more valuable to a writer than wealth or public honour—and in this country few men of letters become rich and fewer still become peers—writers possibly suffer more when Fascism is established than any other class. Next Wednesday at 8.30 there is to be a public meeting at the Queen's Hall of writers in defence of freedom against Fascism. The organisers can be congratulated on bringing together a number of speakers representative of literature rather than of a particular political colour. These include Desmond MacCarthy, George Birmingham, Hugh Walpole, Sarah Gertrude Millin, Rosamond Lehmann, Compton Mackenzie, Philip Guedalla, Rose Macaulay, Olaf Stapledon and Day Lewis. Tickets can be obtained at the Queen's Hall, at 23 Haymarket (the Association of Writers for Intellectual Liberty) and at the bookshops of Bumpus and Zwemmer.

* * *

I recommend three recent books about Russia. The first is Maurice Edelman's *G.P.U. Justice* (Allen and Unwin, 6*s*.). A short version of the story of this book appeared in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of March 5th; it is a German engineer's account of how he was arrested on suspicion in Russia, held by the G.P.U. in a communal cell in Lubyanka prison, and finally released. It reads as an objective as well as a favourable account of Soviet methods. The second book is documentary. It is called *Everyday Life in Russia*, compiled by Bertha Malnick (Harrap, 12*s*. 6*d*.). It gives examples of actual letters and articles published in the controversies about such matters as abortion, and it is amusingly illustrated by Pearl Binder. Documents are much more vivid and convincing than the impressions of visitors. The third book is the verbatim account of the proceedings in the last Trotskyist trial of Bukharin, Rykov, Yagoda and the others. It is as remarkable and disturbing as the reports of former trials. Whatever one's view of the details, one is forced to believe in an extensive plot based on a great deal of discontent. How far this discontent is spread among common people or whether it is confined to political and professional revolutionaries one does not know.

* * *

In Bratislava a few weeks ago I learned that it is now the regular thing for the Nazis to strip and search people who cross the frontier from Vienna into Czechoslovakia. One woman who had just undergone this treatment explained to me that the Nazis were determined not to let Jewish emigrants get any of their property out of the country and therefore searched with particular care Czech women who might be persuaded to smuggle out a piece of jewellery for their friends. She made no complaint of her treatment; woman searchers had examined each article of her clothing, and even gone so far as to take down her hair to see that nothing was concealed in it. All this is daily routine which Czechs take for granted on a German frontier. Now, I see, Miss Unity Mitford, the close friend of Hitler and the most ardent of Nazi propagandists, says that she has been similarly searched by the Czechs. This, of course, if true, constitutes an outrage.

* * *

A Nazi remarked to a Dutchman the other day that Hitler would be in Holland in a few months' time. "Yes," said the Dutchman, "I know. The Kaiser is here already."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mercury.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Let us turn our backs on the metric system which means nothing to most Englishmen, destroys our interest in races and can never be accurate.—Sporting article in *Observer*.

For my own part, I have always found it significant and interesting that the two greatest musical nations in the world, the German and Italian, have both adopted the same form of government.

What is the explanation? I am at a loss to understand it.—Lord Rothermere in *Daily Mail*.

Fair spectator at yesterday's Empire Air Day show wore special A.R.P. trousers embroidered with a scene depicting the bombing of a town. She also wore an Air Force forage cap to complete a very striking and novel fashion.—*Sunday Pictorial*.

Women—some of them laughing, some others with babies—climbed on the railings of the police station at Downham Market, Norfolk, yesterday for a glimpse of Mrs. Rose Sandford, accused of murdering her husband.—*Daily Herald*.

Early visitors to Epsom Downs to-day saw a shabby man on his knees beside the Derby starting post with head bared and arms folded.

Men took off their hats; others, with several women, knelt down.

Course officials were startled to see this score of men and women praying on the course.

In a few minutes the shabby man rose to his feet, and, barely glancing at those who had followed his example, shambled off without a word.

Said a groundsman, "Never in my experience of racing have I seen people actually praying at the starting post."—*Star*.

THE I.L.O. LOOKS AT THE WORLD

THE International Labour Organisation, like the League of which it is in form a section, has been through difficult times during the past few years. The world slump of the period after 1929 brought many of its projects abruptly to a standstill. Germany and Italy withdrew from its proceedings as the tension in Europe increased; and many people predicted that the I.L.O. was destined to go the way of the League, and that all attempts at international regulation of labour conditions would have to be given up. Even the adhesion of the United States and the U.S.S.R. did not greatly ease the situation; for the advanced industrial countries were reluctant to tie themselves by any international engagements that would not be binding on Germany, or to accept any improvements in labour conditions that might weaken their competitive power in relation to Japan and the other countries of the Far East.

Gradually, however, the position of the I.L.O. has again become more favourable. The shorter working week in the United States, introduced under the National Industrial Recovery Act when depression was at its worst, mainly as a means of "spreading" the available employment, seems to have become securely established as permanent. The Roosevelt Social Security Act has given a further powerful stimulus to the movement for the extension of social insurance. New Zealand and France have established the forty-hour week; and despite the difficulties that have arisen in France over its working, it seems certain that the reform will stand, even though the operation of the new system may be made a good deal more elastic. There have been important reductions in standard working hours in a number of other countries; and new or extended social insurance schemes have recently been introduced in Scandinavia, in several states of Latin America, and even in Japan.

It is true that Great Britain, as well as the Fascist countries, is in the main an exception to this rule of progress; for in Great Britain what amounts almost to a "standstill" in most of the social services has been combined with a policy of systematic obstruction in the I.L.O. itself. It is true that, where most progress has been made, this has been secured for the most part not by the adoption of conventions drafted at Geneva, but by national legislation, differing in substance from State to State, and not directly sponsored by the I.L.O. or governed by any sort of international agreement. Nevertheless, in many countries the progress made has been substantial—considerably more than enough to offset the actual worsening of conditions in the Fascist countries under stress of autarky and rearmament.

A reading of Mr. Harold Butler's latest Annual Report as Director of the I.L.O.—presumably his last, in view of his impending migration to Nuffield College—makes it plain that the character of the I.L.O. is changing. It is, much less than it used to be, a European affair. Both South America and the Far East count increasingly in its activities. It is more concerned than it was with agricultural conditions, because its leaders realise that the problem of cheap labour in the industries of the Far East and other areas of recent industrialisation is insoluble except by way of a raising of standards of real income among the peasants and agricultural workers. It is coming to rely less on conventions, designed to be ratified by as many States as possible as a basis of uniformity, and much more on stimulating national legislation adapted to the peculiar conditions and requirements of each separate country. It is becoming less a would-be international legislation, and more a clearing office for information and a source of stimulus for the progressive elements in the various States.

Largely, of course, this change of method has been forced on the I.L.O. by the growth of economic nationalism, which creates in each country peculiar conditions not amenable to uniformity of prescription by the international doctor. The I.L.O. has not ceased to draft conventions; but they tend to deal more with technical issues, and to be less ambitious in scope. A few years ago, the prospect of such a change would have seemed to most people to involve a disastrous loss of influence. But actually, under skilful leadership, the I.L.O. has come through the crisis remarkably well, and has adapted itself to its new functions with considerable success—largely, as we have seen, by calling in the New World and the Far East to make good its losses of influence over a part of Europe.

It was the greatest virtue of Albert Thomas's directorship of the I.L.O. that he saw from the first how fatal would be any narrow limitation of its sphere of action. He fought successfully both to prevent agriculture from being excluded from its scope, and to assert its right to deal with all types of economic issue affecting the prospects and conditions of labour. Mr. Butler has ably maintained his hold upon the ground thus won; and the Annual Reports have afforded him in his turn an opportunity of surveying, from the standpoint of labour conditions, the entire field of world economics. Moreover, the I.L.O. has been able to intervene practically in dealing with such issues as the adoption of "public works policies" for combating unemployment—issues which would have been regarded as outside its competence if Thomas and his supporters had not fought like tigers to defend its claims in the first decade of its existence.

Thus, in his latest Report, Mr. Butler is able, with the authority of the I.L.O. behind him, to make a broad—and by no means generally reassuring—survey of current economic forces, and to address words of wisdom to the politicians as well as to the economic advisers of the various states. No section of his report is more important than that in which he lays bare the disastrous long-run effects of diverting the resources that should go to the building up of capital and the raising of the standard of life to the wholesale manufacturers of armaments, or the inevitable impoverishment which attends upon the pursuit of autarky in defiance of national suitabilities for diverse types of production. At the same time Mr. Butler stresses the fact that by the middle of 1937 the world, despite these inhibiting policies, had managed to get back to a level of output equal to that of 1929, and even to approximately the same volume of international trade, though, of course, at a greatly reduced value in terms of gold. Doubtless, a part of this "recovery" was directly due to armament-making; for example, the Federation of British Industries is quoted as estimating that "the direct stimulus given by rearmament in 1936 was four to six times that given by foreign investment in the last boom." For the same year, the German *Institut für Konjuncturforschung* has estimated that armaments accounted for 11 per cent. of the total product of industry over the world as a whole. Clearly such a race cannot last; and no less clearly, whatever the immediate stimulus to employment, it must mean in the long run impoverishment and depletion of capital resources for the satisfaction of the consumers' needs.

No less interesting is the section of the Report in which Mr. Butler discusses the industrialisation of the Far East. In the main, he contends, Japanese and other low-wage products, as far as they have been sold in the poorer countries, have not been displacing European products; for the natives of these countries could simply not have afforded to pay the European prices. Japanese, and other Far Eastern, wages are deplorably low by our standards; but they are high in relation to the standards of living among the peasants in Asia and Africa. It would be a disaster if the markets of the advanced countries were flooded by low-wage imports; but it would be an even greater disaster if the Far Eastern countries were prevented from developing their industries, because increasing industrialisation offers the only prospect of raising the standards of life for their huge and rapidly growing populations upon the soil. Mr. Butler only poses this problem, and does not attempt to solve it; but he does clearly indicate that it is no solution to attempt to keep Far Eastern goods out of colonial markets which cannot in any case afford to buy European products.

"The importation of cheap Japanese goods enabled the natives of the

Netherlands East Indies to keep up their standard of living to a considerable extent at a time when they could not possibly have bought European goods. In the opinion of medical officers in Tanganyika, Japanese rubber shoes have done more to eliminate hookworm than all the other prophylactic measures put together. . . . The benefit of the cheap bicycle in Africa and Asia is incalculable. It may almost be said to mark the transformation of the beast of burden into an upright human being."

In this country, we may well take note of these words when we are next considering the question of the Open Door in the colonies of the British Empire.

In effect, Mr. Butler's Report is an admirable essay in economic humanism. Under his guidance the I.L.O., instead of accepting the collapse which seemed a few years ago to threaten it, has adapted itself to the new and difficult situation, and taken for its own the roles of humane economic mentor to all the world, of conciliator between old and new industrial countries, and of friendly adviser to the new States especially in their gropings after new forms of social legislation and economic betterment. As the Economic and Financial Section of the League itself has declined, the I.L.O., less hampered by political troubles and helped greatly by the adhesion of the United States, has managed to advance. Perhaps it might be best for it, ere long, to be broken away wholly from the League, and to have transferred to it such work as is now done by the League through its Health and Economic sections. But that will not come just yet; and in the meantime Mr. Butler and his colleagues can rest assured that their work, however much cold water the British Government may continue to throw on it, is appreciated by all sections of British opinion which realise the need for an international organ to think and advise about economic problems from a point of view wide enough to transcend, without ignoring, national frontiers and nationalistic policies.

BACK TO THE MUD

WHEN I saw all-in wrestling I thought that the inventors of eccentric forms of sport had surely reached their limit. I gather from those who have seen it, however, that mud-wrestling is an even odder entertainment designed for the delight of those who are weary of over-refinement. Here two powerful men slither about and tussle and tumble and roll each other in the dirt. And one of the most generally attractive features of the sport is that, not only do the wrestlers paint each other with mud, but the ringside spectators get liberally splashed with it as well. You have probably seen photographs of them, wrapped to the chin in paper garments in order to save their clothes from the flying mud. I cannot, by the way, see why they use these paper coverings. Surely, if it is fun to get splashed with mud, the clothes as well as the face should be exposed to the showers. What fun to see a man in evening dress getting a well-directed dollop in the middle of his white tie! I have been told that, some nights ago, a young woman was hit by a pretty piece of mud on the left temple, and that she and the rest of the audience laughed uproariously. Would they not have laughed still louder if she had been soused with mud from head to foot and a new and expensive frock had been irretrievably ruined?

Psychologists, no doubt, will offer us some explanation of the popularity of this curious sport. Why is it that we, who have struggled so far out of the mud that we regard most of our ancestors beyond our great-grandfathers as unpleasantly wanting in cleanliness, now find pleasure in wallowing, so to speak, in the mire? Consider the pains we take to make ourselves clean. Fortunes are made by bath manufacturers, basin manufacturers, soap manufacturers, toothbrush manufacturers, nail-brush manufacturers, towel manufacturers—all because we cannot bear to be even a little dirty. We should be ashamed of appearing in public with black finger-nails. If we went out without having washed our teeth, we should feel that everybody was looking at us, and looking at us with abhorrence. The bathroom has become a private chapel in which every morning we go through a religious ritual. The man who takes a bath only once a week—it is usually on Saturday night—has become a theme for jokes in the comic papers. The poor never seem so far beyond redemption as when stories are told of their using the newly-installed baths in their dwellings for storing coal. We have grown so finicky about cleanliness that we can scarcely bear to eat food that has been served by a waitress with dirty hands. A dirty table-cloth in a restaurant is repellent to us. Even a dirty napkin that has obviously been used by some previous greasy-fingered diner offends us. The truth is, we have gone cleanliness-mad.

It is impossible to say who first imposed the code of cleanliness; but it may be that, in making it so severe, he put too great a strain on human nature. Certainly, millions of human beings begin to revolt against it at an early age. There used to be a famous soap advertisement which showed a nurse vigorously washing a cross and rebellious boy, and I fancy that no boy takes naturally to washing. And, as for that form of cleanliness called tidiness, he bears it resentment. If he were left to himself, I doubt whether the ordinary boy would take the trouble to brush his feet on the door-mat after coming in from the muddy street. He has no desire to be a spick-and-span paragon in a spick-and-span home. Who knows what repressions he may suffer from in later life as a result of his having been forced to use so much soap that he did not want to use and to wipe his shoes so often on the door-mat against his nature?

In time, it may be argued, he gets used to it. As he grows older, vanity persuades him that he even likes it. There are men, indeed, who wash their hands so often that you would almost think it natural. Psychologists who have studied the matter, tell us that this excessive addiction to washing is a sign of a guilty conscience. Even with those who most love washing, however, there are moments at which the early passion for the mud returns. The growing boy takes to football and tumbling in the mud as the ideal pastime. I am sure, if some less strenuous and bruising form of football were invented, men would continue to play it till late in life for the sheer joy of getting into closer contact with Mother Earth. Over-cleanliness may give men an Antaeus complex.

It is always dangerous to draw an analogy between the mind and the body; but I sometimes wonder whether the revolt against over-cleanliness is not even more conspicuous in our intellectual than in our physical life. Literature, for example—how it was soaped and towelled during the Victorian era! Every novel came from the publishers with a shining face as if fresh from the ministrations of a tyrannical nurse-maid. The bathroom was becoming popular, and the new craze exercised a subtle influence on literature. The stage, too, apart from some burlesques and musical comedies, was cleansed as it had never been cleansed before. Those who hankered after the mud of their ancestors had to go to the music-halls, and, even in the music-halls, the managers were so pure-minded that they printed a notice in the programme, begging clients to notify them if anything objectionable were sung or spoken by any artist during the performance. The reign of soap was all but supreme. There was a weekly paper that was widely read in secret by the hereditary soap-haters, and there was a comic paper about which there were frequent rumours that, if you held up one of the pages against a strong light, you could see a joke that was not quite pure. So rigorous was the dictatorship of soap-and-water, however, that even acknowledged literary classics were locked away in special cases in public libraries; and if you wanted to buy a book described as "Aristotle's masterpiece" you had to go to a shop where, for some unaccountable reason, none of the other works of Aristotle were on sale.

Then came the revolt. Probably, it had been simmering for years. Its origin can be traced, I fancy, to those Victorian critics who in their innocence kept proclaiming that foreigners who did not wash wrote better books than Englishmen who did. There were critics in those days who believed that

Flaubert, who had been prosecuted for publishing *Madame Bovary*, was a greater writer than Dickens. In addition to the undermining work done by the critics, we have also to remember that, in their antipathy to mud, the overwashed leaders of public opinion in England went too far. They denounced *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* as a book that sullied the mind, and agreed with the critic who re-named *Jude the Obscure, Jude the Obscene.* They banned George Moore's *Esther Waters* from the railway bookstalls. Finally, they drew upon themselves the wrath of Mr. Shaw by refusing to license *Widowers' Houses* for performance in the theatre. Gradually, a powerful body of public opinion came to the conclusion that, if a choice had to be made between literature and the tyranny of soap-and-water, the tyranny of soap-and-water must go.

They did not, perhaps, foresee all the consequences of dethroning the soapy tyrant. Most of them, I imagine, were in favour of soap-and-water in its right place, and objected to it only as a dictator. Some of the more ardent of the younger spirits, however, saw in it a dangerous and inevitable enemy which must be pursued with remorseless bitterness even in its downfall. They proclaimed a new reign of mud and set about paying homage to the new god in their books as devoutly as the Victorians had paid homage to soap-and-water. Even the followers of Rabelais cried out in alarm at the turn things were taking. "Rolling in the mud," they said, "should be a rollicking sport, but these fellows go in for it solemnly as if it were a religion." And, indeed, I have read books in which it was quite painful to watch the desperate efforts of the author to make even moderate addicts of soap-and-water shudder. No doubt, he felt like Antæus regaining contact with earth as he wrote. But what agonies his efforts must have cost him!

Now that mud-wrestling has come in, we may, perhaps, see a more widespread revolt against soap-and-water in the physical as in the intellectual sphere. A young man told me the other day that several of his contemporaries had already given up the use of the toothbrush. That is a good beginning. Next to go will be the daily bath. This may affect the health injuriously, but, after all, one has to make some sacrifice for one's ideals. The abolition of the doormat will, no doubt, mean a muddy carpet; but, as for the carpet, our servants can clean that for us. Anyhow, we shall have registered our protest against an overclean world and done all in our power to get back to the mud from which, we are told, life originally emerged. The mud-wrestlers may be the pioneers of a great revolution. But I think it is a little namby-pamby of the ringside spectators to shelter themselves from the mud with paper clothes.

Y. Y.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT

THE National Peace Council's Annual Conference at Bristol ended in a sharp split between the Pacifists and the apostles of Collective Security. It is surprising that open division has so long been avoided; for years now the Collective Security group (whose spokesmen on the Peace Council are now usually Communists) has endeavoured to reach a compromise with the Pacifists who have refused to accept any formula which involves the possible use of the armed forces. The difference in philosophy is fundamental. The Pacifist regards the refusal to fight as obedience to a universal obligation, while the advocate of Collective Security is a politician whose attitude is determined by circumstances, and who will only be a war-resister if the Government sides with Fascist aggression. The two groups can agree in disliking Mr. Chamberlain's policy of withdrawal plus rearmament; they both desire to remove the economic causes of war (though there are important differences here about the form of attack on Imperialism) and to oppose all methods of conscription and regimentation which the National Government may be preparing. But philosophically speaking the division is absolute. Real co-operation would only be possible if the British Government were to succeed in breaking the Franco-Soviet Pact and ranging this country on the side of Nazi Germany.

A good deal of time will be saved and futile wrangling avoided if both groups recognise their differences and the limits of their co-operation. Many advocates of Collective Security still like to be called "Pacifists." The word confuses the issue. They may be right in thinking that the greatest danger of war lies in the return to international anarchy. They may believe that war was staved off a fortnight ago by a threat, and they can urge with truth that Hitler would not have been impressed if Ribbentrop had been approached not by Sir Nevile Henderson, who spoke with the armed force of Britain behind him, but by the representative of Denmark or even by Mr. Lansbury. If you would command attention in world politics to-day you must show an ultimate readiness to fight. Obviously a threat may keep the peace at a particular moment, but equally obviously it brings no hope for the world in the future. Therefore the Peace Pledge Union and the Christian Pacifist groups are right in refusing to support any policy based on threats and in pointing out the illusory nature of any triumph which is followed by a further increase of armaments. But they should also admit that Hitler is not likely to slow down his advance in response to the protests or offers of people who declare in advance that they will in no circumstances fight. He prefers to get his own way by his own methods and seems to regard approaches that are not backed with aeroplanes as the irrelevant talk of decadents.

One speaker at the Conference pointed out that the world had reached a stage in which every public action involved some risk of war. He urged that the Pacifist must be content to play the honourable part which Quakers had been accustomed to play. Just because they are Pacifists they can mediate only when men will listen to reason, they can relieve suffering, nurse the wounded and feed the starving; they preach economic appeasement and they can set the example of a life guided by reason and based upon an unassertive resistance to evil. He added that pacifists cannot expect external success in stopping war or preventing the triumph of tyranny. In saying this the speaker did not attack Christianity or pacifism; he merely pointed out their limitations. For my part the only criticism I have of the out-and-out Pacifist is that he tends sometimes to direct his protest to the wrong address. I remember in September 1935 Dick Sheppard asking me whether it would be any good for him to go with an army of 10,000 Pacifists to demonstrate in Geneva. I said that this might be impressive, but that he must make up his mind whether they were to demonstrate in favour of allowing a war to proceed in Abyssinia or in favour of running a perhaps slight yet real risk of war with Italy in order to prevent the war in Abyssinia. Then I made a counter-proposition which still seems to me the right pacifist solution. Why, I asked, not take your pacifist army to Italy? "You can go out as tourists and then demonstrate against war amongst the people who are making war. It is no good telling the League which exists to stop war to shut up shop the first time it really has a chance of acting. It is no good telling the Abyssinians not to resist. If you want to demonstrate against a war made by Italy, do it in Rome."

The confusion that arose during the sanctions debate in 1935 has destroyed the present effectiveness of the anti-war movement. Collective security or, if you like, the effort to check Fascism and to stop the horrors of war in Abyssinia, Spain and China, has destroyed the pacifism of a great many people who were sure that never again under any circumstances would they be beguiled by any form of war propaganda. They know, just as the out-and-out Pacifists know, that if war comes people may call it war for democracy, Socialism or Christianity (they actually said that in the last war!), but that it is in fact unlikely to produce anything except the general disintegration of our civilisation. It is ideas and systems of thought that we have to combat, and war has become a monstrously inefficient instrument for that purpose. If the last war was fought against Prussianism and produced Nazism, what incredible horror

are we likely to get out of a war against Hitler? All sane men agree about this. The job—the only one worth attempting in the world and becoming daily more difficult to accomplish, is to defeat Fascism without war; if it comes to war the battle is lost. The division lies between those who think that it is still worth while making this attempt to defeat the Fascist peril by counter-propaganda and by that nice adjustment of threat and concession that is called diplomacy, and those who are so sure that any display of force will only breed war that they retire from the immediate struggle, hoping that their influence may perhaps keep this country out of the catastrophe that destroys others or that they may at least direct men's attention to the choice of better methods in the long run. Ultimately it is a clash between two religions. In a crisis people find out what they are. Ferrovius in Shaw's play thought he had been converted to Christianity, but found in the arena that he was really a follower of Mars. There are many such to-day, just as in the war itself there were occasionally soldiers like Siegfried Sassoon and Max Plowman who discovered that they were Pacifists and had the courage to say so even on the battlefield. The link between these two groups is a realisation that the existing political and economic system leads to war and that Fascism is its most extreme and warlike form. They can only be allies in demanding economic change, in opposing conscription and the regimentation of war preparation, and in resisting war itself if this country becomes the active partner instead of the reluctant accomplice of Fascism.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

AE FAREWEEL AND THEN WE SEVER

West Perth and Kinross Tories are to choose a new candidate to take the place of the Duchess of Atholl, who recently resigned the Government Whip as a protest against the Government policy in Spain.—*News Chronicle*, May 31st.

PUIR, fearfu' cow'rin', tim'rous beasties,
What sair commotion fills your breasties,
What profit in this mickle haste is,
Kinross and Perth,
For some saft gowk wha tae your taste is
Tae scoor the earth?

My late constituents, daft and dense,
Losh, were ye e'en but sheep of sense
Ye'd gie your Duchess confidence
And proudly sconner
Yon barefaced Brummagem pretence
O' Tory honour!

Whyles ye hae borne yoursels mair brave
Oor Party principles tae save;
Noo like fause Chamberlain ye have
Betrayed fair play;
Yet best laid schemes o' fool and knave
Gang aft agley!

Ye drive me fra St. Stephens' wa's,
But sune the day o' reckoning daws
When ruin and confusion fa's
On bluff and blether,
And friends o' Franco's bludie cause
Fa' a' thegither!

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

THE STRIKES IN JAMAICA

SIR,—Your note on the strikes in Jamaica in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION impresses me as generally accurate in its effect, though controversial in some details.

As to wages, please see the enclosed text of particulars given to me by the Colonial Office in the House of Lords. I may observe that the wages in Westmoreland are, in my belief, over-stated in it at 2*s*. 6*d*. a day. They have never, within my knowledge, been higher than, if even so high, as in the adjacent parishes (viz. 1*s*. 3*d*. to 2*s*. a day). As to housing conditions, the Colonial Office has had long warning; special attention was called to them in the report by Mr. Semple and myself in 1930. Early in 1931, there was a brisk agitation upon the subject in Kingston, following on a long article contributed by myself to *The Gleaner*, after inspecting the city at the invitation of Mr. E. Glen Campbell, Chief Sanitary Officer of the City Corporation. I had hopes of seeing something done in the matter: but soon afterwards, there was a change of Governor, and the usual collapse of all projects in hand at the date of such changes. Early in 1936, Professor W. M. Macmillan published his book *Warning from the West Indies*. He said: "In particular cases estate owners merit the hard things said of their tenantries by the Olivier Commission—and Governments too for their laxity in failing to enforce elementary principles of sanitation," adding "the best housing I happened to see was on the Trinidad oilfields, the houses being for artisans rather than for the day-labourers."

A few months later a complete review of the subject in regard to Jamaica was published in my book—*Jamaica—The Blessed Island*, with selected pictures of Kingston and suburban slum property, and labourers' houses on their employers' land, with comparisons of the houses workers build for themselves when they have their own land or other means.

I am afraid the Colonial Office did not strike either of those books, or else that the ruling Secretaries of State felt, very naturally, towards Mr. Macmillan and myself as King Jeroboam felt towards Micaiah the son of Imlah, knowing that we do not prophesy good concerning the economic policy of this Government, but evil, a prophecy which, if it has been fulfilled, we may perhaps take credit for.

It is unfair to say, comprehensively, that when the companies and planters were making very high profits they did not "bethink them of raising local standards, or improving the home market in order to provide against a possible decline in exports." In 1929-30, I found big companies and some planters very anxious to do so; but they were demonstrably unable at that time to spend reasonably, even on maintenance. Since their position has improved, they have in fact made certain efforts; and they have, especially in Jamaica, taken steps, with success, to make their home market more profitable. If they had not done so, many of them could not have carried on.

OLIVIER

Wychwood, Selsey Avenue,
Bognor Regis.

THE GARDEN CITY

SIR,—In her review of Elizabeth Denby's *Europe Rehoused*, in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 21st, Irene T. Barclay asks in connection with the housing work of the Government, "Now much of the taxpayers' money has gone in vested interests in land and materials?" And she and her author deplore "the thoughtless vandalism that shocks visitors to every British city to-day." She then goes on to show how oblivious critics can be of anything really creative, by saying, ". . . by all means try out the garden city idea, but as a policy for the whole country it is escapism." The implication is that the garden city idea has been tried out on some scale; the fact is that, like Christianity, it has not been tried out at all. Yet the garden city idea is the one constructive and original idea in housing and town-planning which this country has had presented to it, yet which has been misrepresented when it has not been ignored by every housing and town-planning expert, without exception.

The garden city idea is a scheme of town and country planning, combining industrial decentralisation with rural repopulation, based on communal ownership of land values. It depends upon large scale national support, which it has never had. It has certainly been "tried out" by private enterprise at Letchworth Garden City, started in 1903, which was so inadequately financed and met with such difficulties, including the inability of its promoters to agree upon an active development policy, that it has progressed at a snail's pace, and in thirty-five years has no more than a population of 14,000. The idea was also "tried out" by another private enterprise at Welwyn Garden City, which, started in 1919 with excellent intentions, had the same experience as Letchworth, and is saving itself by becoming an ordinary land development speculation and a garden city merely in name. Everyone who has studied these two schemes knows that they only

at best (and I do not undervalue their achievements) partially carry out what is contained in the garden city idea. What is required is beyond the scope of private enterprise.

Great national loss has resulted in Government after Government refusing to show any interest in the garden city idea (apart from a few useless legislative references) and that except for occasional flashes of vision nobody has recognised that the re-planning and development of the country by the building of new towns on the garden city model offers the most fruitful solution of transport, agricultural and many otler related problems. So far from the garden city idea being escapism it provides the form of a new civilisation.

What other conception of the future planning of this country vies with that of the garden city conception of orderly urban development in towns of reasonable size, each having connection with its own countryside and cultural and economic relations with other towns in its region? The recognition of the garden city idea would mean the end of "ribbon development"' and the formless growth of the great cities—in other words, real town-planning—as well as the end of such ghastly experiments as Dagenham. The late Patrick Geddes saw what was implied in it; but no one else has done so, though the so-called garden city movement has had plenty of lip service paid to it.

36 Parkway, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire. C. B. PURDOM

THE UNCONSCIOUS EGO

SIR,—May I reply to some of the objections raised by Dr. Glover in his review of my book, *The Psychology of Reaction*.

He accuses me of special psychological pleading, of giving an extremely tendentious account of analytic theory, because I try to show that Psychoanalysis has an important part to play in the promotion of social progress. He scoffs at the idea that the removal of the frustrations of economic insecurity would encourage the sublimation of our instinctive life along channels of service to the community. Consciousness, he alleges, plays no part in sublimation. Therefore, no matter how rationally we may organise society we are powerless to influence, either through education or propaganda, the psychological processes involved in sublimation.

Thus, in Dr. Glover's view, consciousness is wholly a passive tool in the service of unconscious purposes. And if this be true, then all of us who believe that rational education and healthy social conditions must inevitably give rise to sane social behaviour, are indeed deluding ourselves. For the basic unconscious and irrational impulses will remain impervious to rational and conscious influences and defeat our endeavours.

But this is a travesty of Freudian theory. For it is one thing to say, with Freud, that consciousness is often the servant of our instinctive life. But it is quite another thing to say, with Glover, that it is *always* so. "At first we might feel inclined," says Freud in his New Introductory Lectures, "to think very much less of consciousness as a criterion, since it has proved so untrustworthy. But if we did so, we should be wrong." He looks forward to the time when "the intellect—the scientific spirit, reason—will establish a dictatorship over the human mind."

It is true, of course, that conscious influences may often and to a large extent be exerted indirectly by means of the relationship of what Freud calls the "perceptual-conscious system" and the largely unconscious ego. But this is very different from saying that "consciousness is not in any way consulted."

Man, then, is not so hopelessly at the mercy of his unconscious and irrational life as Dr. Glover seems to indicate. Wise education, along psychological lines, would help us to outgrow our childhood inhibitions and encourage a rational, adult, self-reliant attitude to life. The experience of educationists, such as A. S. Neil, who are bold enough to apply psychological methods, amply confirms this. How much more could be done in this direction within a social system that placed the welfare of its members before any other consideration! Freud himself has indicated that the fullest application of Psychoanalysis to education requires a different social structure.

Dr. Glover, I feel, is performing a disservice to his science. His interpretation must tend to strengthen the belief that Psychoanalysis is too far removed from everyday life to be of much service in the solution of the terrible social problems before us. Moreover, he runs a serious risk of being hoist by his own petard. For if "consciousness is not in any way consulted," then surely it is sheer waste of time for him to write articles and books; give lectures or engage in discussions, designed, after all, to appeal to those negligible conscious faculties which, in his view, can have no influence on the basic unconscious life of his readers or audiences.

213 Devonshire Hill Lane, N.17. R. OSBORN

SCIENTIFIC FILMS

SIR,—A Scientific Film Group of the Association of Scientific Workers was formed over a year ago to encourage the growth of good instructional and documentary films, dealing both with "pure science" and, perhaps even more important, with Science as a social force. It sought to supply a long-felt want by giving the public opportunities to appreciate the impact of Science on modern life and was calculated to assist in fostering a scientific spirit applied to everyday problems.

The Group has accordingly given shows of approved scientific films in London, Cambridge, Oxford and elsewhere, which have demonstrated that there is a considerable public eager to see such films. To enable such shows to continue on a more ample scale in London, however, while complying with L.C.C. regulations, it has now become necessary to consider forming a Scientific Film Society. Such a Society would be open to all interested persons, whether members of the Association or not, and would give at least four film shows per annum in a London cinema on Sunday afternoons. There would be two rates of membership subscription, viz. 10*s*. and 15*s*., the higher rate entitling the subscriber to the better seats. It would not be possible to sell tickets for such shows to the general public, but a limited number of guest tickets would be available to members. Any profits arising from the Society's work would be devoted exclusively to non-commercial purposes such as the making and adapting of scientific films.

The Committee would be glad to hear from anyone who, without in any way committing himself, would consider joining such a Society at one or other of the above subscription rates; and would be very grateful to you, Sir, if you will kindly give publicity to the formation of the proposed Society.

The Association of Scientific Workers, 28 Hogarth Road, S.W.5. L. V. CHILTON, Hon. Chairman, Scientific Films Committee.

THE NEW EDUCATION

SIR,—Messrs. I. and J. Barclay supply a differentiation of schools from the religious aspect that is ill-defined. When speaking of a generation growing up "without knowledge of Bible-literature," what is the nature of the lament? If it be that the literature of O.T. *criticism* is a closed book in schools, many will share it; for to give the text without commentary is unfair to the young. Better the school where they learn "how to think for themselves." For is not that the true aim of education, sacred or profane?

What is so unintelligible is not diverse opinion as to whether school instruction should be doctrinal or merely Biblical but the strange hypothesis that the interests of religion with the young are served by its inclusion in school curricula. It is with difficulty that *any* grammatical subject survives the circumstances of early compulsion, and Mr. Barclay's reference to Shakespeare in this connection is particularly unhappy. The mechanical treatment of literature, especially the poets, in the State schools is known to be responsible for a distaste that its victims have never been able so to outlive as to reap its mental benefits fully in later days. Advocates of religion, therefore, were they wise, would wish to rescue it from the odium attached to an irksome scholastic routine.

Pre-eminently it is the *home* that forms the natural school for religious instruction. Parents of conviction would be loth to abrogate the proud privilege of being their children's sole educators therein. It is amidst the hallowed associations of home that the sacred sanctions for life's conduct can be inculcated alone with lasting effect. This, of course, is not to imply the exclusion of the Hebrew saga from its place in imparting universal history.

55 Swinton Street, W.C. LINDSAY S. GARRETT

SPEED OF ANIMALS

SIR,—In view of the recent correspondence, it may be of interest to record that, chasing a Kangaroo in a motor-car, the car kept a steady speed of 45 miles per hour while as passenger I fired off a complete spool of films at the kangaroo, which therefore maintained this speed for several minutes. The motion is a pure hop, the tail playing no part in the spring, being used only for balance

Blendworth, Berkhamsted, Herts. R. E. DICKINSON

Miscellany

THE SECRETS OF ABINGDON STREET

I CAN now disclose the identity of the original profit-maker on the Adelphi. It was the Earl of Ellesmere who played the middleman in a transaction that obliterated one of London's most notable eighteenth-century monuments. To such a pass is come the owner of the Bridgewater House Titians and a hereditary landlord of superlative wealth.

The Duke of Norfolk still refuses to divulge the purchaser of Norfolk House. Even his mother has now asked the Georgian Group to make another effort to save the building. Naturally, the Group can do nothing unless it can approach the owner. This phantom is unknown even to the Westminster City Council and the London County Council, both of which have passed plans for the offices to be erected on the site. They know the architects. That, apparently, is all they are empowered to know.

When *noblesse* ceases to oblige, it is not surprising that *richesse* should do likewise. The law not only condones the speculator; it protects him with anonymity. The national architecture can be razed without fear of blame and before there is time to inquire whether it can be saved or not. Even so, the ordinary man might suppose that in the case of so public a project as the George V Memorial, subscribed for by so many persons and corporate bodies in all parts of the Empire, the Committee charged with the money should form its plans, and conduct its negotiations, in the open. No doubt, when everything is settled to its liking and the opposition of those behind the scenes has been overcome before they have a chance of enlisting public opinion, the Committee will make a pretence of taking the world into its confidence. I prefer to anticipate that moment with the gist of a report from Mr. James Lees-Milne, who was asked by the Georgian Group to unravel the whole story. "The only positive element in the scheme," he begins, "has been a predetermination literally to devastate the precincts of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament."

Already, before King George's death in February 1936, it had been rumoured in Abbey circles that a large syndicate was coveting Abingdon Street for speculative purposes. The Dean and Chapter, greatly agitated, at once negotiated with the London County Council for the zoning of any new building at a height of 55 feet, under the Town and Country Planning Act of 1932. The King's death was followed by the formation of a Memorial Committee under the chairmanship of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Generally known as the "Lord Mayor's Committee," this body, though dedicated to the difficult task of reconciling imperial sentiment with artistic rectitude, was recruited chiefly from municipal dignitaries in the provinces. Its first act, under the impulsion of the Archbishop, was to select the Abingdon Street site opposite the House of Lords. As a preliminary gesture of official encouragement, the Government made an unconditional gift to the Committee of all the State property in the area, namely the houses in Old Palace Yard, the adjacent numbers 28 and 29 in Abingdon Street and the whole of the open space between the Henry VII chapel and the northern confines of the Abbey precincts. The Committee thereupon set out to purchase the remaining houses in Abingdon Street, numbers 18 to 27. Their plan was to clear the whole area of buildings, to create a green verge right up to the fourteenth-century wall of the Abbey boundary at the back and to set their memorial on the site of Old Palace Yard. With this end in view they appealed to the country for funds.

Owing to an unforeseen obstacle, the whole project miscarried. Of the Abingdon Street freeholds numbers 18 to 23 belong to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, numbers 24 and 26 to the National Association of Local Government Officers; and these the Committee supposed might be acquired without difficulty. But numbers 25 and 27 are still privately owned and no financial advantage would induce the freeholders to part with them in order to facilitate a scheme of which they disapproved. As nothing short of a private Bill could induce these gentlemen to give way, the Committee were obliged to abandon the original scheme altogether.

Until this juncture, there were many who saw a certain sense in the Committee's proposal to open up a space as far as the stone wall at the back of College Mews, however unimaginative was their decision to demolish a row of pleasing eighteenth-century houses in the process. But now the plot was thickened by a most unsavoury element. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, with their habitual business acumen, saw a convenient opportunity for profitable speculation where the Memorial Committee had failed. In collaboration with the National Association of Local Government Officers they decided, on the plea that the Abingdon Street houses were no longer structurally sound, to develop the two sites themselves with or without the intervening private freeholds. They have accordingly submitted designs to the London County Council for the erection of two blocks of office buildings. Their architect is Mr. E. G. Culpin, who chances to be the present chairman of the London County Council and whose plans, therefore, will have to pass the withering test of his own approval. Mr. Culpin must remember with amusement—the sort of amusement Mussolini must feel at having sponsored Abyssinia for the League—that at a time when the Archbishop's original scheme was in contemplation, it was he who acted as the Council's self-chosen delegate to protest to the Lord Mayor's Committee against the very demolition with which his name is now to be so actively associated.

The Lord Mayor's Committee, notwithstanding the failure of their efforts to acquire a decent open space and their chagrin at seeing how those efforts have merely provoked the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to substitute Mr. Culpin's "neo-Georgian" block for a row of genuine Georgian houses, are still bent on using what little of the site remains to them, rather than transfer the memorial, as commonsense and the public interest would dictate, to the south side of Parliament Square. Here, indeed, a clearance would prove a major adornment, would involve the destruction of nothing worth preserving and would enable the memorial to be seen by everyone passing through Westminster. Such considerations count for little beside the extreme obstinacy of the Archbishop and his colleagues. Old Palace Yard they want and Old Palace Yard they will have. It means nothing to them that their choice is opposed by the whole artistic opinion of the country, official and otherwise, or that it will link not only their names but that of King George V with an act of indefensible vandalism. Their motives admit of no rational explanation. They are like a child who wants one doll and not another.

To understand the present caricature of the original scheme, it is necessary to remember that the existing buildings, consisting of the Henry VII Chapel, the buttressed Chapter House and the back of number 5 Old Palace Yard, form three sides of an almost perfect square. A line drawn directly from the centre of the Chapter House to the main House of Lords entrance across the street would divide the square, thus so happily formed, into two fairly equal halves. It would appear logical in these circumstances to place the memorial to the King in the centre of the square upon this line. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the architect selected by the Memorial Committee, thinks otherwise. His first concern is to abolish the square altogether by pulling down not only number 5 Old Palace Yard, but the adjoining numbers 6 and 7, comprising that beautiful stone-fronted house attributed to John Vardy, which can be seen from right across Parliament Square and which, more than any other feature, gives proper scale to the Victoria Tower on the other side of the road. A space will thus be formed which can claim no symmetry or meaning whatever. Finally, the destruction of numbers 28 and 29 Abingdon Street will effectively reveal the side-elevation of the London County

Council Chairman's new office block, to whose bottom, as a crowning impertinence, it is proposed to attach Vardy's stone façade in the manner of a postage stamp.

That criticism of the project as it now stands has not been more vigorous is due partly to the care with which its true history has been concealed, partly from a mistaken fear lest opposition should be construed as disloyalty to the memory of King George. The views of the Royal Fine Arts Commission are not allowed to be published; if they had been, the resulting outcry might well have forced the Committee to start looking for another site by now. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have been openly hostile from the beginning. The President of the Royal Institute of British Architects has denounced the scheme in public. The First Commissioner of Works is said to regret very deeply a surrender of buildings which was designed to assist a wholly different purpose. The amenity groups in both Houses of Parliament have made repeated protests. What may be the feelings of those most nearly concerned, the Royal Family and particularly Queen Mary, we must guess since we cannot inquire. The public at large, as usual, has not been consulted. Theirs is not to reason why, but to pay. Their money will bring them a memorial not so much to King George V as to the avarice, apathy and irreverence whose example in high places, during his reign and after, have consigned his capital to destruction. Such an object may furnish posterity with a ghastly warning (the canopy above the statue will resemble a gibbet). But it is doubtful if the subscribers intended it to have so utilitarian a character or one so reminiscent of all that King George himself eschewed in the course of his own life.

It only remains to add that on June 13th the Georgian Group are opening a special office at number 27 Abingdon Street to organise a public protest against the fulfilment of the Committee's plans. All members of the public who have the appearance of London, the associations of Westminster and the memory of the King at heart are asked to call and give their signatures to a petition which will be forwarded to the Prime Minister. ROBERT BYRON

COUNTRY NOTES

THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

THE worst of the Chelsea Show, from the reporter's point of view, is that there is nothing to say about it. It is perfection —the gardener's dream come true. One may complain that the tents are too hot, or that there are too many people, but at least one cannot complain that there are too few plants or that the exhibitors have not done their job superbly. Their job is to produce the most exquisite flowers most magnificently grown, and no one can say that they fail to carry out their obligation. The rest is beyond their control.

One grievance commonly expressed by the casual visitor is that "the Show is always the same." This is true, and yet not quite true. Of course, the old favourites are there and always will be, in such array that the novelties are apt to get overlooked amongst them. Yet there have always been "sensations," and still are. It was only last year that we first saw the Russell lupins in their extraordinary variety of colour, so far removed from the old familiar blue as to seem almost a different flower. Going farther back, there was the day when Rhododendron Pink Pearl startled everybody from Queen Alexandra downwards, and that other day when an exhibit of gigantic pansies provoked an old gardener into saying, "Them's not pansies; them's lies."

This year in particular there were a lot of lies. The snapdragons had turned into church spires, the delphiniums into cathedral towers, the bougainvilleas into flaming sunsets bearing no resemblance to the old magenta curtains we used to know. Some of the lilies, competing with Jack's beanstalk, had shot up to such a height that one could view them comfortably only from a distance. In amongst these monstrous growths crept the usual crowd of keen amateur gardeners, so keen, so amateur, so touching in their raincoats, with their notebooks and pencils in hand. I thought they seemed a little dwarfed and humbled before this amazing display of the craft they modestly attempted to practise in their own gardens.

It may be ungrateful to criticise, especially when people have taken so much trouble, but does one really like the amazing results that the nurserymen have been able to produce? I think the answer divides itself sharply into two parts. One likes and welcomes the advances made by experiments in hybridisation, which lead to really new beauties among, say, the lupins, the irises, or the primulas. One positively dislikes the mere triumphs of scientific feeding which lead only to an appalling turgescence among our old familiar friends the cottage-garden flowers. I never believed I could be frightened by a snap-dragon until I went last week to the Chelsea Show.

Besides, one knows quite well that, even given the desire, one could never reproduce the same effect in one's own garden. Not without taking continuous trouble or without employing a number of very painstaking and very expensive gardeners, all provided with sacks or bottles full of the most expensively specialised fertilisers. Few of us can afford such luxuries, and even if we could afford them I doubt whether the most sincere flower-lovers amongst us would wholly appreciate the results of their efforts. I think that at the bottom of our hearts we all prefer the old flowers as we have usually known them. We are alarmed, and somewhat humiliated, by the overfed unnatural specimens misleadingly staged for our benefit at the Chelsea Show. The exhibitors are not to blame: they are only carrying out their job with all the resources now at their disposal. But the rest of us cannot emulate them, and many of us would not wish to do so. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

MORTALS AND IMMORTALS

M. GIRAUDOUX'S comedy is a delightful entertainment, and every critic who has written about the performance of *Amphitryon* 38 at the Lyric Theatre has enjoyed it. But several of them have attributed their pleasure entirely to the acting of Miss Lynn Fontanne and Mr. Alfred Lunt. Surely the signature "Jean Giraudoux" might have suggested that the play itself might have had something to do with the success of the evening. Not only is M. Giraudoux one of the most distinguished of living novelists, but his talent is exceptionally adroit. He has managed again and again to combine intelligence and humour with an original and very modern sensibility. As a writer his style is sophisticated and precious in a high degree. In "adaptation" a good deal of this sophistication has disappeared and with it something of the poetic atmosphere of the original. That could not very well have been helped. Mr. Behrman saw that M. Giraudoux's amusing pedantry and poetic phrases were sometimes untranslatable. So he simplified or omitted—and quite right too. Only the effect has been to make the play, as seen at the Lyric, more simple and—shall we say?—solid than the airy original. Nevertheless, had it not been for the wit in situation and dialogue which survived this process, Miss Lynn Fontanne could never have exhibited the charming matter-of-factness and gay dismay which have delighted all her critics. In that tender and cheerful matter-of-factness, which alternately deflates and inspires romance after a manner not quite unlike the common sense of the great French poet whose name so closely resembles her own, lies the charm of her part. But since it is the privilege of a performance as good as hers to suggest perfection, let me add that at brief moments she made me dream of an Alkmena with a lighter mischief in her delivery of certain lines and even with a touch of Mozartian pathos. Perhaps Miss Lynn Fontanne's impersonation was a little too bourgeois; though anti-romantic, anti-intense Alkmena must be. There, indeed, lies the deliciousness of the whole comedy. "Quelle épouse charmante!" Thus the utterly contented Amphitryon blissfully reflects, just before she is about to send him to the arms of Leda, under the impression that he is Jupiter in

disguise. "Quelle épouse charmante! Comme la vie est douce qui s'écoule ainsi sans jalousie et sans risque, et doux *ce bonheur bourgeois* que n'effleure ni l'intrigue ni la concupiscence. . . ." In the victory of humdrum happiness over imaginative love and violent passion lies the comedy; and Miss Lynn Fontanne's firm grasp of that insured the success of the play. But in those passages in which Alkmena asserts her preference for a happiness which passes away, for everything which comes to an end over what is everlasting, since mortality makes life itself most dear, she did not speak (so it struck me) with a fine enough sense of either the vanity of things or the pathos of their great value.

> Forsooth the present we must give
> To that which cannot pass away;
> All beauteous things for which we live
> By laws of time and space decay.
> But oh, the very reason why
> I clasp them, is because they die.

The poetry, and it *is* there, mixed with deliciously ironical farce, is the pathos of Mimnermus, and the Greek epitaphs. She missed that. She spoke such passages almost as sensibly as the delightful remarks with which she teases her husband out of heroics on his departure to the war, or punctures the complacency of the unrecognised Jupiter at breakfast after their love-night together. She missed, too (but please remember I am finding fault with an actress who pleased me greatly) a chance of imaginative acting when in the last act a relenting Jupiter takes her in his arms to give her the kiss of forgetfulness. The dialogue between them in which she converts the god into a friend might have been moving, yet only its humour told.

On the other hand few living actresses can bustle as elegantly as Miss Lynn Fontanne across a stage (I carried away a living picture of Alkmena, in a pointed Tanagra straw-hat hurrying to her garden); none has in her voice more bird-like notes of natural, gay surprise or can utter with more devastating aplomb the sentiments of a cheerful indifference. These gifts served her well in this part, and they delighted the audience. She is, however, (I have seen her in several parts) always herself; an adaptable, adroit but extremely personal actress. In this respect her talent contrasts with that of her husband, Mr. Alfred Lunt, who has a remarkable gift for varied impersonation, well seen in his acting of Jupiter; in the contrast between his bearing as the ageless Father of the Gods with his silver beard and infantile complexion, and when (as Amphitryon) he sits at the foot of Alkmena's couch in crushed bewilderment, while she rattles radiantly on. She refuses to admit there was anything exceptional in last night's transports (better unmentioned now day is here), and is gaily indifferent to the marvels of creation. The poor hang-dog deity, having failed to extract any recognition of his prowess as lover, would have been a little consoled if, even under an alias, he had been able to awake some appreciation of his talents as a creator! This scene between them was very well acted. And it is fine comedy:

> *Jupiter:* What a divine night!
> *Alkmena:* Your taste in adjectives is feeble this morning, dear.
> *Jupiter:* I said, *divine.*
> *Alkmena:* You call a meal "divine," a piece of beef "divine." All right, you're not obliged to be always to the point. But, really, for last night you might have found a better word.

They haggle over adjectives, and she suggests (this is a free translation of *agréable* in the text) the word "connubial." But he cannot get her to admit that it was as wonderful as others they surely both remember. Poor Jupiter!

There are at least three other scenes as happily inspired by the spirit of comedy: the scene in which Alkmena, having learnt from Leda that Jupiter, when he woos, invariably takes the form of the creature that haunts that particular woman's imagination, at once concludes that in *her* case he will inevitably impersonate her husband. (This is precisely what he has already done, though she does not know it); and therefore when Amphitryon returns, she not only subjects the puzzled man to ironical scrutiny, but by a trick flings him into the arms of the grateful Leda, who supposes she is again receiving divine favours. This scene, and the preceding dialogue between Alkmena and Leda, with their contrasted estimates of the privilege of being the mistress of a god, are most amusing. But the latter (somewhat heavily cut) is more ordinary upon the Lyric stage than in the text. In the text Leda, like the other woman similarly favoured, has after her affair with the swan become a philosophical adept, absorbed in abstract speculations. Not so this Leda on the stage. I suppose Mr. Behrman thought a Leda who was a philosophic *précieuse* would not get across Anglo-Saxon footlights, though she makes an excellent foil for Alkmena who "cares for none of these things."

The third scene of admirable comedy is that in which Jupiter prepares himself under the direction of Mercury, to woo Alkmena in the form of Man. It is not sufficient, Mercury explains, to look like a man, he must learn to feel, think and believe like a man, or Alkmena will not be deceived. Jupiter is amazed at the change which begins to take place in his mind as soon as he puts the *fiat* in execution. "This sky," (the two gods are standing under the stars outside Amphitryon's palace), "This sky belongs to me! It is far more my own than when I was Jupiter himself. The solar system seems quite small, the earth immense. Suddenly, I feel myself to be more beautiful than Apollo, more brave and amorous than Mars, and, for the first time, I believe in myself, understand myself and feel I *am* the master of the gods!"

"There you are!" says Mercury. "Now you really *are* Man. So, in you go."

Mr. Alfred Lunt did not get full irony-value out of this significant speech, which can hardly be spoken out of too deep or too resonant an astonishment.

A word of appreciation is due to Mr. Richard Whorf as Mercury, who was good in the amusing Prologue when he and his father Jupiter are discovered lying naked side by side upon a cloud, watching the movements of Alkmena on earth; also when golden and friendly he bears the unwelcome news to

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her of Jupiter's second coming. I should have thought the Prologue alone would have announced the fact that we were about to see a comedy by a most adroit dramatist.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

SERIOUSNESS

OSCAR WILDE gave the epithet "earnest" a bad name and it was duly hanged. If "serious" has escaped by the skin of its teeth, it has largely to thank the painters. To call a painter "serious" has been a compliment these thirty years at least. And if only Augustus John had been serious what a fine painter he might have been. By reason of his talent, of his charm, of his magnanimity and his personal beauty he is become a national monument, and by reason of an innate sense of decency and an instinctive detestation of humbug and cant he is a power of light. If I were vain enough to suppose that any word of mine could lessen that power, maybe I should hold my peace; being what I am, a mere high-brow critic, I shall not hesitate to say that in my opinion "the latest paintings of Augustus John" at Tooth's gallery in Bond Street are almost worthless.

They are not serious: in the strictest sense of the word they are superficial. The painter accepts a commonplace view and renders it with a thoughtless gesture. And even that gesture is not sustained; the painting is not superficial throughout. Here and there you will find a passage, a brow in a figure-piece, a tree in a landscape, or a bit of still life, in which, though the directing mind is absent, the hand has remembered its cunning. You catch a glimpse of fine painting, and then the picture crumbles into nothingness. Nothingness: at least I can find nothing beneath the general effect. Unless, once or twice, in No. 15, *East Indian Girl*, for instance, where the impression though banal is vivid, the execution telling, and the placing happy, one finds the ghost of that great talent with which Augustus John was blest. As a rule, however, there is less talent than trick; and there is no thought at all. Yet John is anything but stupid. A little thought, one feels, some analysis of all these black and white heads, must have revealed subtleties of tone and of relations of tone, of plane and of relations of plane, which, rendered with the skill that John still seems to possess, would have given us pause. But analysis demands effort, so the master has preferred carelessly to dash on to his canvas a brushful of colour which at most indicates a fact of no aesthetic importance. A self-portrait is one of the best things here, and yet what an empty thing it is. That Augustus John has a great deal of character, that he is what they used to call "an original," is notorious. He hardly cares to mention the fact: it goes without saying. It goes withour saying—that is the burden of almost every picture in the show.

If you would see how serious art can be, take a look at a pastel—*Femme en chemise*—by Xavier Roussel, hanging in the front gallery. Roussel—in my opinion an underrated artist—has never been reckoned of the first magnitude. Yet by comparison with this pastel John's paintings look like silhouettes cut out by an amateur. Observe how the artist has explored and explored again every nook and cranny of his subject, from the girl's radiant shift to the darkest recesses of the studio, in search of shapes and tones which have in themselves the power to move. Observe the drawing of the limbs: here is no calligraphic stroke dashed off with a flourish, but a line that advances slowly and expressively, feeling its way round the contours, so that the tension is as great across the enclosed form as along the edges. Here is something felt and understood and expressed, instead of a bold signature to a blank cheque.

That the French are not the only ones to be serious is shown by an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of recent work by Paul Nash. I do not suppose that Nash was born with a quarter of John's talent, and anyhow we need not quarrel about vulgar fractions, but he was blest with a will to achieve. Dissatisfied with an early and perhaps too easily won success, he has for the last fifteen years been experimenting. His problem has been to impose order on the anarchy of nature and lately on the anarchy of his own subconscious imaginings. The struggle with nature seems to have served him best. This, I surmise, is because Nash is not by nature a visionary. In painting, a visionary is one who has little or no use for vision, who is not much interested in the appearance of things because to him his dreams are more vivid than external reality. Paul Nash is profoundly interested in appearance, from which he draws the best part of his inspiration, or, perhaps it would be more appropriate to say, his most efficient *stimuli*. Wherefore, it is in such a picture as No. 33—wilfully dubbed *The two serpents*—a picture in which he depends, as much as ever Courbet or Pissaro did, on a motif discovered in nature, that his art is seen to greatest advantage. Not but what invention serves him too, and in No. 38, *The Nest of the Phoenix*, has enabled him to produce a satisfying decoration.

It might be instructive to compare this decoration with almost any picture by Augustus John, for the art of John is nothing if it is not decorative. The superiority of the Nash arises from the fact that it is a carefully thought out and planned composition, whereas John's work, even when it comes nearest success, is apt to have something the air of a fluke. Indeed, there is but one picture in his exhibition—the big Still Life—in which he has visibly attempted to compose; and in that he has failed. Nevertheless, this was the only picture in the room which compelled regard and on which one could concentrate attention. Now composition is the supreme test of an artist's seriousness. In support of which opinion—for I perceive it will need support—I shall pray in aid a writer unlikely to be accused of aestheticism, high-browism or high falutin of any sort. It was Samuel Butler who said: "Composition is the one word common to painting, sculpture, architecture, music and literature. This shows that the main merit in each case depends upon the arrangement in relation to one another of the objects and incidents that are dealt with."

At the Leicester Galleries there is also a collection of pictures by Sir William Nicholson; and, tucked away in an ill-lit room, some paintings by Rouault, about which it would be impertinent to write towards the end of an omnibus article. Rouault is one of the greatest painters alive.

The White Gallery (2, New Burlington Street) is a new showroom which deserves to be better lighted; for by artificial light it is impossible to appreciate the paintings of Claire Bertrand, and she also is a serious artist whose work needs looking at. She is a painter who loves paint and knows how to use it. At first sight her work appears to have something in common with that of Duncan Grant, to whom in fact I imagine she owes nothing: probably what they have in common is a feeling for and an understanding of Bonnard, and of Constable too maybe. For Claire Bertrand is one of those who are not ashamed to own in every stroke and blob that they have studied and that they have understood. At the same time, her art is intensely personal—too personal perhaps to be quite ladylike. There is nothing submissive about her attitude to the subject; she cares masterfully for what she sees, and so expresses herself. Has anyone ever accused her of bullying?

It is so great a pleasure to come up against a painter who loves paint better than programme, popularity or politics, that one is inclined—I am at any rate—to raise one's voice a little. I do not think I have said a word too much, but I beseech all amateurs to go and see for themselves. While they are about it, may I advise them to take a look at the pictures of Guy Smith Barry in next room? Mr. Smith Barry, if I do not mistake, is one of those Englishmen who are so much surprised by their sensibility that they feel the less said about it the better. We have all had the luck to meet that country squire who, having let out inadvertently that he has Herrick by heart, explains that "we had to learn it at school, you know." Similarly, I should not be surprised if Mr. Smith

Barry were to tell you that he really went to Africa for the shooting. Fortunately, when he sits down to paint, he is quite unable to keep up ths pose, or conceal a genuine if slightly bewildered sensibility.

CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Glorious Morning," at the Duchess

This is a workmanlike but not a very good play. The interest which it sustains throughout lies not in the characterisation which is unsubtle, not in any sort of dramatic momentum, but rather in the subject matter. The problem it presents at first appears to be a Totalitarian State's conflict with God, it resolves itself into an agrarian dispute. As everyone from dictators down to gardeners' wives know, the man who moves nearest to the naked earth is a stubborn and resentful man. In *Glorious Morning* this character is crystallised in the form of a Grand Old Farmer who has grudgingly knuckled under to the new regime, and now works what had been his land to his own dissatisfaction and the common good. His silent discontent with the situation bursts out in a favourite granddaughter who, working overhard as a medical student in the capital, sees and is convinced by a vision that God lives. Her message, proceeding as it does from the aspirations of a whole class, acquires a prophetic force. The rest of the play describes a struggle between her and a martinet who has come from headquarters to tighten up discipline in Barlitzia, the agricultural region of Sagnira. It is a struggle between the old slogans of the God religion and new slogans of the State; between "Father Bonner's" fairy tales about the Saints of Barlitzia and pep talks about the leader. So far the idea works and is interesting. But the conclusion is unsatisfactory. In presenting the juxtaposition of two equally tasteful faiths (not equally in the play perhaps, because the conditions of agriculture are much romanticised) it proposes neither a resolution nor the whole of the problem. One is left in much doubt as to what the effect of making peasant martyrs will be, and wondering if in the melee between "the State is All" and "God is Truth" the possibility of truth being God had not been rather overlooked. The acting is unspectacular but good. Miss Jessica Tandy is rapt as the visionary, and Mr. Herbert Lomas lovably boorish as the patriarch.

Toscanini and Verdi's Requiem

The Requiem is one of Verdi's finest works; it was suggested by the death of Rossini in 1868 but was actually composed five years later in memory of the great Italian novelist, Manzoni, and was first performed in 1874 when Verdi was sixty years of age; coming, therefore, three years after the opera *Aida*. It has been customary in England to criticise it as too "operatic" for religious music, but this distinction is one that is alien to the Latin genius. If one is to make any reservation about it one should simply say that it is human and realistic and not mystical and sublime. It has a terrifying dramatic force, intensity and poignancy, and thus resembles *Otello*, which followed it thirteen years later. Under Toscanini it was given a superb performance—orchestra, soloists, chorus were as one unit in the musical expression of the work. That the tenor and the contralto (Roswaenge and Thorborg) lost intonation occasionally in their effort at dramatic expression mattered little. The soprano, Zinka Milanov, a magnificent singer of a class we rarely hear on such occasions in this country, never failed, and the bass did not disgrace himself in this outstanding quartet. Given such soloists and a splendid, well-rehearsed chorus, all moulded to one purpose under Toscanini's relentless concentration, we heard the Requiem as Verdi intended we should hear it. Even over the wireless on the repeat evening the unique directness and force of Toscanini made the performance unmistakable in its clarity and compelling power. It was an unforgettable experience.

Ballets Jooss at the Old Vic

Ballet is hardly more suitable as a vehicle for politics than music itself, but by sacrificing beauty to effect, Mr. Kurt Jooss sometimes brings it off. His masterpiece, *The Green Table*, is as powerful and convincing as it was six years ago, and even more distressingly topical. The only episodes that seem to have lost some of their effectiveness are those of the fighting, and the flight of the refugees, in which an over-symmetrical treatment of grouping and action results in scenes that are out of key with their context, and faintly reminiscent of Russell Flint's prettification of the Spanish war. But there is no doubt that this ballet is one of the most striking choreographic creations of our time, in spite of technical limitations which Jooss has imposed upon himself. Of the other ballets in the repertoire only *The Big City* approaches *Green Table* standard, and the fact that in six years Jooss has not been able to repeat his initial success belies the sweeping claims made on behalf of his methods by Prince Wolkonsky, in an aggressive and quaintly worded manifesto which is printed in the programme. The truth is that the absence of classical steps, taken in conjunction with an extremely high standard of mime, has led to a technique which is remarkably effective when realism is demanded by the subject of the ballet. But that this technique should be used as a foil to the choreography of tradition and not as an end in itself is amply shown by the failure of romantic ballets such as *Ballade* and a *Ball in Old Vienna*, when one itches for the very competent dancers to indulge in a little point work and to employ what the manifesto calls "the deceiving caress" of the classical ballet's "insipid affectation."

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, June 4th—
The Ginner Mawer Company in Greek and National Dances, also Plays. Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

MONDAY, June 6th—
"Cosi Fan Tutte," Open Air Theatre.

TUESDAY, June 7th—
"A Lunatic was King," Portfolio Playhouse, 6a Rodmarton Mews, Dorset Street, W.1. 8.30. Till June 10th.
Masked Dancers of Seraikella, Vaudeville.

WEDNESDAY, June 8th—
Allen Hutt on "The Peace Alliance our Only Hope," 86 Rochester Row, 8.30.
Association of Writers Public Meeting for Intellectual Freedom, Queen's Hall, 8.30.
"No Sky So Blue," Savoy.

THURSDAY, June 9th—
Kingsley Martin on "Public Opinion and the Press," Dick Sheppard Centre, 52 Queensway, W.2, 8.
"The Sun Never Sets," Drury Lane.

FRIDAY, June 10th—
Opening of Print Academy, Building Centre, 158 New Bond Street.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE publication of the first volume of the Nonesuch Dickens (23 vols., 48 *gns.*) was greeted with a blast of icy criticism, provoked largely by the extravagant transatlantic methods adopted to push the sale of an extremely expensive book. The most objectionable feature was the notion of dividing up the original woodblocks, which had been secured for printing the illustrations, so that each subscriber should have one of them encased in a dummy binding, as part of his set. Woodblocks are not beautiful or interesting objects and the dispersal of a set of great historical interest and future usefulness is an act of vandalism which will give a permanent *cachet* of vulgarity to the edition. It is comparable to chopping up a manger so that each of a litter of puppies should have a lump of wood to worry. It is hard luck on the editors and printers of this edition that it should have this brickbat tied to its tail—for *Pickwick* was a most beautifully produced book. The publishers have very wisely brought out as their second, the first of the three volumes of Dickens's Letters, edited by Mr. Walter Dexter, which is the great attraction of the edition and gives it a real and lasting value. It is much the most complete collection of Dickens's letters ever to have been printed, it is furnished with admirable footnotes and if, as is to be presumed, the third volume is equipped with a really exhaustive index, these three volumes will add scholarship and distinction to . . . but I have said enough.

* * *

To understand Dickens, his letters are as essential as Forster's Life, which itself contains all the important ones written to Forster himself. I have been reading this volume, which covers the years 1832 to 1846, and the first two volumes of Forster's life alternately and have been carried away by Dickens's character and genius. Swinburne said that the writer of *Great Expectations* was a god and that his creations were the only ones in literature comparable with those of Shakespeare. But his letters show several other godlike qualities: first his energy, which was colossal, almost unexampled. His books poured out, foaming torrents, several being written at once, while he was living an extraordinarily full and triumphant social life, and a most complicated domestic one, dealing with most intractable, idiotically short-sighted publishers, lecturing, making public speeches, and unconsciously assuming the position of the conscience of the Victorian age. In the spring of 1837 he was writing *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist* simultaneously, never being a week ahead with any of the serial numbers, knocked off a farce *Is She His Wife?* which was produced at the St. James's Theatre, and was madly and blissfully in love with his sister-in-law Mary Hogarth, who died suddenly, in his arms, after coming home from the theatre. He was absolutely shattered, and he could not forget her. In his diary, started the following January, he refers to her again and again:

> This day last year, Mary and I wandered up and down Holborn and the streets about four hours, looking for a little table for Kate's bedroom. . . . I took her out to Brompton at night, as we had no place for her to sleep in (the two mothers being with us); she came back again next day to keep house for me and stopped nearly the rest of the month. I shall never be so happy again as in those chambers three storeys high—never if I roll in wealth and fame. I would hire them to keep empty if I could afford it.

It was going with Mary to buy the little table which marked the day as unforgettable, though his first child had been born that morning. He dreamed of Mary continually—writing to his wife in February, 1838, while he was visiting the original of Dotheboys Hall incognito, as the friend of a widow who wished to put her children out in a cheap school:

> the same dreams . . . follow me everywhere. I have dreamt of her ever since I left home, and no doubt shall till I return. I should be sorry to lose such visions, for they are very happy ones, if it be only the seeing her in one's sleep. I would fain believe too that her spirit may have some influence over them, but their perpetual repetition is extraordinary.

* * *

It is essential to an understanding of Dickens to realise that he was capable of deep, prolonged feelings, because in him they are difficult to believe in, since he lacked reticence to a degree remarkable even among early Victorians, and had also a quite extraordinary love for "coming out strong in a crisis." This, for example, is how he returns the little presents and letters of Maria Beadnell, the lady who preceded Kate Hogarth in his affections.

> My feelings upon any subject, more especially upon this, must be to you a matter of very little moment; still I *have* feelings in common with other people—perhaps so far as they relate to you they have been as strong and as good as ever warmed the human heart—and I do feel that it is mean and contemptible of me to keep by me one gift of yours or to preserve one single line or word of remembrance or affection from you.

The two qualities—depth of feeling and the love of coming out strong—are the secret of much of Dickens's genius. What makes him the supreme representative of his age, what made him loved and listened to like an oracle—was his tenderness of heart. If he had not felt as he did about cruelty to children, the maltreatment of prisoners, the horror of public executions, etc., etc., he would have been little more than another, more sentimental Smollett. But he cared intensely for every kind of suffering, projecting himself into every unhappy creature. And then, being intensely moved and having no inhibitions, no power of self-criticism and no shame, he "came out strong," in an extraordinary mixture of deep, genuine feeling and sentimental rhetoric. The sentimentality of Dickens is terrific, but it never has the thin whimsical quality of the sentimentality of such a writer as Mr. Beverley Nichols. It is the opposite of the affectation of the "vegetable love"—mocked at in *Patience*. His subjects are those about which all people feel real horror: the dying child lit by the rays of the setting sun—the Shakespearean virgin who has run mad for love. Such sentimentality is less due to falsity in the original emotion than to faults of taste in its expression. A letter to Miss Coutts gives a sample:

> engaged to be married, *Fourteen years*. Her lover was not rich—was fighting his way, very slowly, to the bar—and they had always said they would be married when he was "called." After all these many years, he was called, at last; and her wedding clothes were being made, when one night . . . he was seized with congestion of the brain . . . she was sent for . . . just in time to see him die. Quite frantic, she ran out of the chamber; opened a window, four tall stories high; and plunged herself head-foremost from it! By a kind of miracle she fell into a tank of water. . . . Since that time she has been watched, day and night. Her mother has never been told the Truth, but the father knows it. The poor girl sits all day in a kind of dream, repeating little scraps of comfort from the Bible. She has never shed a tear.

No doubt Miss Coutts sent the thirty pounds demanded to rectify this situation, but one feels that Dickens was licking his lips and comforting himself, as children often do, by the salt taste of his own tears. For the other side of his genius was an inexhaustible street-arab love of life. It is this which makes him such a wonderful letter writer. In the present volume we have the early letters, those from the American tour and from the Continent, where he took his family to economise before the success of *Dombey and Son* set him on his feet again. There are dozens of invitations to go for a day's ride, or to an evening's theatricals, or to partake of a chop at Jack Straw's Castle.

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"Few," it has been said, "will read the history of a town if they can read the history of a man." The ancient world is known to most people from the pages of Plutarch. The strange neglect of the history of nineteenth century towns is a good illustration. Between 1850 and the present day the town life of the British people has passed through a revolution; a revolution touching the comfort, the habits, the dignity, and the horizons of the great mass of men and women more closely than they were touched by the great Whig revolution of 1688. Yet thousands of books have been written on the great Whig century for one that has been written on these local revolutions. In a world of historians looking out for subjects to write about, the struggles of Leeds and Manchester, Bradford and Sheffield for parks and libraries, for the decencies and amenities of social life, have passed almost unnoticed. Yet it is due to those struggles that these towns passed out of the barbarism of the twenties and thirties, barbarism that would have put a citizen of a Roman town to shame.

The eighteenth century was essentially the century of individual genius. All corporate bodies, the Church, the Universities, the town corporations, were half stifled by their abuses, and they lacked vigour and vitality just because they lacked any sense of serious purpose. The Victorian age was busy with the creation of efficient corporate bodies and there was thus scope to build for individual power; its energy was largely guided by the need for reforming abuses; a fact that explains both its failures and its successes. To-day corporate bodies and institutions have much more power and fame than men and women. The L.C.C. overshadows London and there is no personality that counts beside its impersonal power. What is true of London is true of England. The history of corporate bodies is therefore becoming more and more important.

The great success of Lady Simon's most interesting and illuminating study is due to her knowledge both of persons and politics and her skill in giving her readers a picture of men and women as well as of problems. Her own experience and mastery of the daily life and daily problems of administration give her an insight into the struggles of the past, so that she can show where Manchester succeeded and where it failed. She tells the story of the fight for the Charter with which her century opens; a struggle of which most people are aware because of Cobden's part in it. This struggle had an important consequence. It excited a polemical interest in the politics of local government. The *Times* once remarked, during the early battles over housing and disease, that it was impossible to interest Englishmen in a problem unless they could fight over it, and that the real obstacle to the progress of public health in England was the lethargy due to the absence of strong party feeling about it. Manchester began with a fierce struggle, and this gave reality and spirit to the early citizens of the history of the corporation. That struggle had a further consequence. The Conservatives treated municipal politics at first in the spirit in which the Church treated Italian politics after the Italian Kingdom had been created. They stood aside at the first election and kept up a persistent guerilla warfare, refusing to serve on the Council, but going to great lengths in obstructing it. The first Council consisted of sixty-four members, 48 councillors and 16 aldermen, of whom 34 were merchants and manufacturers, and ten shopkeepers. Cobden was an alderman and Thomas Potter was Mayor. In fact, the first Manchester Council was like the first London County Council; it contained some of the most distinguished of the citizens of Manchester. It had little internal conflict and it had the vigour of a new body, generally agreed in temper and outlook, very conscious of its duties and problems, and put on its mettle by the discreditable opposition of the men who had tried to avert the Charter. Lady Simon gives the early councils great praise for using their opportunities well, undeterred by the industrial depression. Their reforms in time provoked the vested interests and the character of the Council changed, with new members representing those interests, the brewers and the shopkeepers and the various owners of property.

The change was less serious than it might have been because of Sir John Heron's long lease of life and power. Heron was the first Town Clerk, and he held the office for forty years. He was a man of cultivated mind and wide interests, and a dominating personality. Lady Simon illustrates his authority over the

Council: "What right have you to speak?" asked an angry councillor. "What ward do you represent?" "A larger ward than yours, sir," replied Heron. "I represent the whole city." Heron used private Act Bill procedure with great effect to obtain reforms for Manchester and in this way to educate Parliament for general legislation. By this method he put down back-to-back houses in Manchester and abated the smoke nuisance. On the other hand, he made his mistakes, for Lady Simon shows that he was largely responsible for Manchester's delay in adopting a large scheme of main drainage. In this respect Manchester was behind Leeds and Salford, and when the Social Science Congress met there in the sixties, Manchester had to listen to some sharp comments on her sanitation and death rate. In 1868 Manchester had the highest death rate in the country, and it was only in that year that her Town Council appointed a Medical Officer of Health. Liverpool was twenty years ahead of Manchester, and her first Medical Officer of Health, W. H. Duncan, became famous as a reformer.

Lady Simon's book is an important as well as a most interesting book. We have learnt to-day that the difficulties of democratic government are far greater than our fathers supposed. Politics are less and less attractive to men and women of independence, the demands they make on time, energy, and freedom grow; the party system, which is better in the sense of being less bad than its alternatives, has abuses and vices of its own. How, then, can we draw into public life all the disinterested energy that is needed? Lady Simon has an observation in her concluding pages that has an important bearing on this problem. She says that the level of ability and character has fallen on the Manchester Council in a hundred years, but risen in the Civil Service staffs. We are beginning to do for local government what we did in the second half of the nineteenth century for parliamentary government, in laying the foundations of an efficient and non-partisan Civil Service. The development of such a service is one of the urgent tasks of our time.

J. L. HAMMOND

NEW NOVELS

Nothing to Chance. By CHARLES PLISNIER. *Boriswood.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Secret Kingdom. By WALTER GREENWOOD. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

They Drive by Night. By JAMES CURTIS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Cloud That's Dragonish. By VERRIER ELWIN. *Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Nothing to Chance is the translation (an excellent one, by Pamela Morris) of M. Plisnier's *Mariages*, for which, together with his later *Faux Passeports*, he has been awarded the Prix Goncourt. Though it is a first novel, it is not the work of a young writer; even if we had not been told that the author was a lawyer of forty, we might still have seen in his work that impatience with trivial detail and concentration on essentials which is a mark of maturity. Young novelists are generally so enraptured with their newly awakened perceptions and the delight of crystallising them into words that they write, as lovers live, in a sort of dream; spending pages on the appearance of a room, the sensations of waking up, the quality of the sunlight on an afternoon walk, without stopping to ask themselves whether these momentary impressions, however subtle and exact, help to bring to life story and character. And that after all is what most novel readers demand; even those who are themselves most sensitive to poetic feeling and the flavour of words do not want these things at the expense of good narrative; that particular pleasure, they know, is to be had, neat and far more potent, from the poets themselves. I sometimes wish all novelists had undergone in youth (as so many have) some training in law or medicine; professions in which, it seems, you learn to cut through the hedge of inessential detail and make straight for the point.

The scene of M. Plisnier's novel is an industrial town in Northern France, his people members of a prosperous shoe-manufacturing family, his theme (stated at once, never lost or evaded) the conflict between the rigid traditions of such a world and the demands of the individual for private happiness and love. His subject has something in common with that of the *Forsyte Saga;* and indeed in the elder Chardins Forsytean traits are discernible: in Uncle Bernard, for example, the oracular head of the family, and in Mathilde Chardin, who quells a romantic impulse on the part of her daughter with words of icy good sense: "You can't let yourself go like that, you know; you're not a lady bow-wow." But

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the older generation, who were Galsworthy's strong suit, are here only subsidiary figures; our concern is with the three well-to-do young cousins, Fabienne, Marcelle and Christa, and about them there is none of the soft English haze which envelops the younger Forsytes. From the very outset their anxiety about marriage is made ruthlessly clear; they have been taught to see it not only as the natural goal of their lives, but as a link—the strongest link of all—in the chain of security which binds together the family, the property, the factory—as far as they can see, the whole civilised world. After toying with the thought of yielding to her love for a married man, Fabienne reverts to pure Chardin, and selects for her husband the most capable and energetic of her father's subordinates, Maxime Salambeau, a man of the people with an inflexible determination to succeed. But the *mariage de convenance* proves highly inconvenient; he manoeuvres himself skilfully and unscrupulously into the dominant financial position (how absorbing, by the way, practical affairs become to the least businesslike of readers, when handled so solidly and exactly). Meanwhile Marcelle has married, also without love but hoping for it, a decent unimaginative young Jew; both girls experience in physical love agonies of frustration, boredom and distaste; wedding nights, it seems, go off no better in France than they commonly do in England. The sexual aspect of loveless marriage is treated here in its proper perspective, neither coyly hinted at nor magnified and Chatterlied out of all humanity. The twentieth-century novel has at last grown up; such frankness could offend only those to whom life itself is repugnant.

The middle part of this novel paints an appalling picture of the desolation of spirit which sweeps over women whose marriages are dead or dying: in Fabienne's case it is increased by her doubts of Maxime's honesty. A chance meeting with the third girl, the contented rebel Christa, who had been ostracised by the family, brings their inner conflicts to a head. M. Plisnier is a little too fond of long reflective passages in which his characters chew the cud without further revealing themselves to us; Marcelle loses a little of her outline towards the end; and Salambeau, whom we know first from the inside, begins, as his full villainy is revealed, to evade his creator's insight; that is, we accept his behaviour, but it no longer reveals his soul. But Fabienne herself, and her sentimental, un-Chardinesque father are portraits of notable solidity. The novel creates its own world and lives in it.

Mr. Greenwood's great talent (for *Love on the Dole*, with its tragic background and grim humour—the pawnshop, Mrs. Nattle—was unforgettable) is in his latest novel much watered down. He begins well with a fine bitter sketch of the slums of Manchester and Salford, and his story relates the efforts of Paula Byron to lift herself and her family out of this mire. So long as we believe in the characters, such a theme cannot fail to be moving; and Mr. Greenwood achieves a solid family group in the Byrons—three girls and their father, a fine craftsman in wood, reader of Morris and Shaw, and pioneer Socialist. The novel opens about the beginning of the century, and its best pages are devoted to the decay of the craftsmanship represented by Byron and his mates in favour of cheap mass-production. But it lacks economy, the dialogue is too often prolix and flat, and outside the Byrons' front-door life isn't very vivid. Paula marries a hairdresser, whose tendency to drink is so much emphasised at the outset that we lose interest in his inevitable yieldings and long-foreseen collapse; her sisters both marry miners, of whom we learn scarcely anything except that their names are Sam and Chris, so that when they lose their lives in a veraciously reported mining accident we are annoyed with ourselves for not feeling it more than we do. The scenes in the pub do not smell, as they should, of drink and sawdust; nor is there a whiff of oil about the barber's shop; life, though recognisable, is thinly spread over this long story, and even the wording has sometimes a bookish tinge: "involuntarily her breathing quickened"—as though, except in the consulting room, one's breathing ever quickened voluntarily. All ends happily when Paula's musical son suddenly gets a £315 job out of the blue as pianist to the B.B.C. "There was an air of unreality about this stroke of good fortune," she reflects; and she is perfectly right, there is.

Mr. Curtis continues his conducted tour of English low life: this time it is lorry-drivers on the great trunk roads, their all-night cafés ("caffs" to you) and their itinerant tarts, who seem to get a poor time of it. It is sad to find that even this world is not what it was:

> ". . . . Prostitutes, that's all they are now, what's left of them. When I first started there was lots of girls who went on the road just for the fun of it. Decent brought-up girls, servants, factory-tarts, and all that. Not the riff-raff you find now. You'd see them at a week-end sitting in bloody droves along the fences and all you had to do was take your choice. . . . Didn't want no money for it, neither. Most of them.
>
> "Caw," said Bill. "Bin nothing like it in my time."

The story, of a man fresh from gaol, wrongly suspected of murdering a prostitute, and therefore on the run, allows no time for the development of character; our interest derives from the obviously accurate representation of speech and behaviour. What makes the job of the English tough author so unenviable, compared with that of the Irish or the American, is the extreme lack of invention shown in current English slang. Every sentence begins with "Blimey" or "Caw," takes in a couple of "bleedings" on the way, and ends with the meaningless tag "and all"; nothing more mechanical and inanely repetitive is to be heard in the saddest reaches of Mayfair or Bloomsbury. When one of Mr. Curtis's men pulls himself together and produces "gor blimey all bloody hurray," we feel inclined to cheer for relief. I have come to the conclusion that characters, like eggs, are best lightly boiled.

Mr. Verrier Elwin, who went to India in 1927 as a missionary, reversed his collar in 1931 and has since then lived among the aboriginal Gonds in an attempt to relieve their misery. He has found time to describe their life in some excellently written books. Their primitive beliefs and ideas are easier for us to comprehend now than they would have been ten years ago. In Central Europe, as in Central India, "society is divided into *goti*, cow-pens of exogamy, within which there must be no romance, no marriage"; the dark clouds of racial magic, heresy hunts and mob trials overshadow us too. There is altogether something unpleasantly near home about this tale of the fight of two young Gonds and "a great Panda Baba" against the forces of superstition and reaction; only, where is our great Panda Baba? I recommend *A Cloud That's Dragonish* to those who are prepared to wrestle with confusing names and unfamiliar behaviour; they will be rewarded by a good detective story and a number of life-like characters who, like ourselves, preserve, beneath an appalling load of tribal thoughtlessness and cruelty, individuality and sometimes charm.

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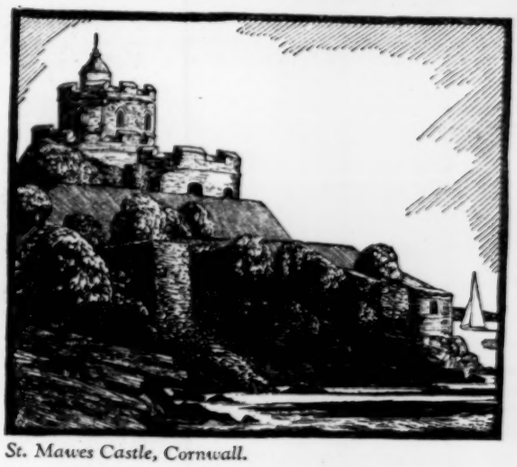

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DOMINION PROBLEMS

The Dominions as Sovereign States. By A. BERRIEDALE KEITH. *Macmillan.* 25s.

Professor Keith has been so long the acknowledged master of the field covered by this treatise that no one is really in a position to criticise him except himself. The volume is distinguished by the characteristics which make him unique. There is the wonted and remarkable command of the materials; there is the acute and illuminating realisation (rare in a lawyer) that the problems of law are, in their essence, problems of politics as well; there is the old, happy vivacity coupled with those occasional acerbities that give spice to the treatment. Within its allotted field, there is no discussion of the issues Professor Keith analyses which even compares in value with his.

What really emerges as central to Professor Keith's discussion is the amazing degree to which imperial relations are, on their Dominion side, undergoing important changes of which no one can quite estimate the significance. The problem of the place of a virtual republic within the British Commonwealth of Nations is raised by Eire. The question of whether a Dominion can remain neutral when the Mother Country is at war is raised by vital claims put forward by Canada. The true nature of a federation, the possibility, indeed, of maintaining a real federal system, is raised by the outstanding social and economic problems of Canada and Australia. A curious problem is revealed by a position in which General Franco is recognised by Eire but not by Great Britain; and we may presently discover that the Italian conquest of Ethiopia is recognised by Great Britain but not by New Zealand. The anomaly of the position of Indians in the British Isles, on the one hand, and some of the Dominions, on the other, is brought out strikingly by Professor Keith. And he suggests the interesting possibility that defence agreements between South Africa and this country may well, in relation to certain territories on the African continent, have brought into being what is virtually a new Monroe doctrine for that area.

Professor Keith is evidently (I think rightly) disturbed at the future of the unity of foreign policy within the British Commonwealth of Nations. He points out that an action like the resignation of Mr. Eden (with its consequential emphasis upon foreign policy) necessarily altered the direction of affairs without real consultation with the Dominions being possible. Certainly its effects are, as he says, "a grave departure from the principles laid down by the Imperial Conference." A similar problem may well arise if there is bargaining with Hitler over the colonial issue; the impact of such negotiations upon the future of South Africa is clear. Will a South African representative be associated with the Foreign Office in its discussions? Would a South African refusal to contemplate the return of the former German colonies be sufficient to negative any surrender to Herr Hitler's demands?

In a volume which covers so wide a field, it is difficult to select out matters which call for comment. I do not think Professor Keith has done full justice to the difficulty of appeals to the Privy Council; certain recent Canadian cases make it appear that the English methods of statutory construction are singularly barren when they are applied to grave constitutional issues. I think, too, that he has underestimated the degree to which federalism—on the present division of powers in Canada and Australia—is effectively bankrupt before its problems. From this angle, if it be true that the Imperial Parliament would require State (or provincial) assent to fundamental changes, the position of those Dominions may in the next decade, and perhaps earlier, become serious indeed. I wish, too, he had given more space to the grave issues created by the rise of what is virtually becoming a Fascist State in Quebec. This, and issues of racial difference, may well, in an era of intensifying nationalism, raise problems of a unified imperial outlook by no means easy to solve. I do not think, either, that Professor Keith has done full justice to the exceptionally interesting plea of Mr. Justice Evatt of Australia for more rigid definition of the royal prerogative within the Dominions. There is a mass of evidence to suggest that its present looseness is a real source of possible difficulty.

But these are, after all, relatively minor matters. The fundamental fact is that Professor Keith has given us a magistral book, worthy of the great theme of which it treats. It deserves the closest attention not only of lawyers, but also of all who realise how much the unity of the British Commonwealth is a decisive factor in the shaping of world destinies. HAROLD J. LASKI

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THE TRAGEDY OF MAUPASSANT

Guy de Maupassant. By STANLEY JACKSON. *Duckworth.* 15s.

It seems a pity that Mr. Stanley Jackson, who embarked on this work, so he tells us, "in a spirit of marginal inquisitiveness" and with the hope of clearing Maupassant's reputation from the charge of being a "writer of naughty or pornographic literature," should not have pursued his task in a somewhat more scholarly style; for, as it stands, his biography, if embellished with suitable sub-headings and illustrations, would make a fine serial in one of our popular Sunday newspapers. A magnificent opportunity has been thrown away. Maupassant's tragedy has an interest far transcending that of his own personal breakdown. It is the tragedy of an artist who, after a period of poverty and neglect, is overwhelmed by a sudden accession of wealth and fame: the tragedy of a man, aggressively healthy, aggressively full-blooded, who carries within himself the seeds of madness and whose sensuality is distorted yet stimulated by the fear of death. His friends used to refer to him as "le taureau triste"; and the nickname gives an accurate impression of one side of his character, the strain of pessimism which had about it nothing volatile, frivolous or calmly philosophic, but resembled the stolid gloom of a condemned and suffering animal. The decline of the artist is at least as interesting as the decline of the man. Beginning with that far-off time when Laure le Poittevin, the writer's mother, had played in the hospital at Rouen with little Gustave Flaubert, Mr. Jackson retraces the history of the Maupassant family and shows us Guy de Maupassant as an obscure and underpaid clerk in a Parisian government office, hating the senile companions among whom he lived and finding his only relaxation among the boon-companions and easy-going trollops who joined him on boating week-ends along the Seine. Flaubert carefully fostered his literary talent; then came the publication of *Les Soirées de Médan;* and *Boule de Suif* revealed the unknown, athletic clerk as a master of that dangerous, fascinating vehicle, the short story. It rescued him from the horrid servitude of regular office hours and opened before him dazzling prospects of wealth and elegance.

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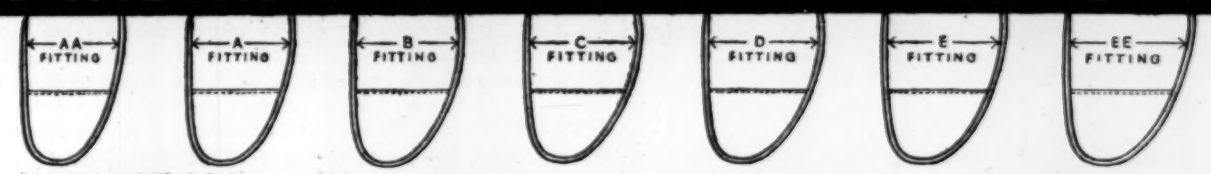

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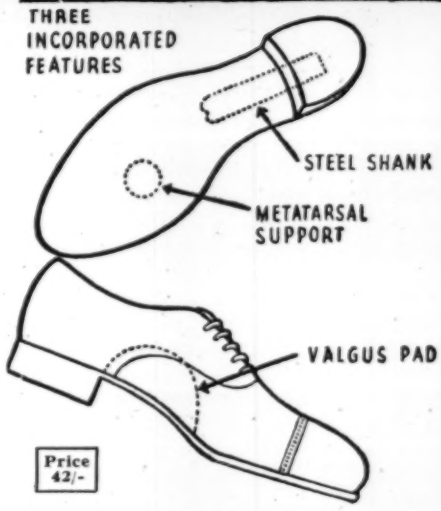

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No doubt there was a touch of vulgarity in Maupassant's nature. It is said to have appeared in his physical make-up; and George Moore (questioned about writers he had known or talked to during his Parisian heyday), after paying a generous tribute to Turgenev, supplied an uncomplimentary portrait of Maupassant: "Such a *vulgar* fellow, my dear boy—like a rich farmer's son . . ." Affluence and luxury went straight to his head. Still *le taureau triste*, once he had been turned loose in the lush meadows of international celebrity, flung himself into the enjoyments they afforded with a frantic and desperate energy that sapped his strength and, combined with the exhausting demands of publishers and editors, helped to undermine the simplicity of his original talent. For Maupassant, at his best, is very simple—not a critic, not a commentator, not the philosophic disciple of Schopenhauer he liked to pretend—but a pure story-teller, who has the candid vision of a sportsman or countryman, whose vision is limited but who records it with telling directness. Luxury and popularity were bound to demoralise him. Some of his short novels—for instance, *Fort Comme la Mort*—are so bad as to be almost entirely unreadable; and this is not surprising when we consider his literary output—twenty-seven books in ten years or, according to a doctor, quite enough to kill half a score of ordinary men.

Mr. Jackson makes some attempt to analyse the tragedy. But it is unfortunate that he should have a leaning towards sensationalism that he is never able to completely shake off; and Maupassant's numerous love-affairs and the legend of his extravagant debaucheries are continually being resurrected to provide the material of a vague yet lurid sentence. Mr. Jackson's method grows more romantic as the story proceeds; and the narrative of Maupassant's later years needs no literary exaggeration. Poor François (the intelligent and devoted valet, whose reminiscences form one of the most illuminating documents on Maupassant's life) has told us of the endless succession of women who filed through his existence, among others the mysterious "lady in grey," whose visits would appear to have been particularly enervating. Mr. Jackson might have saved himself a great deal of trouble if he had reproduced a photograph of Maupassant's apartment at that period, with its hideous assemblage of costly bric-à-brac; for it explains more than many pages of literary criticism. Maupassant's genius belonged to Normandy and the banks of the Seine, to the world of *canotiers* and the good-natured prostitutes who kept them company. It suffocated in the atmosphere of this expensive fly-trap.

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COMMONSENSE IN PSYCHOLOGY

The Troubled Mind. By HARRY ROBERTS. *Murray.* 6*s.*

What I like about Harry Roberts is his moderation and his good sense. Psychology, as is well known, is controversial; it is also young, and it is rapidly changing. It is, therefore, perhaps inevitable that books emanating from one or other of the psychological schools should be more frequently distinguished by the perfervid advocacy of the partisan than by the suspended judgment of the scientist. Moreover, it is rarely that a book on psychology, still more rarely that a book on psycho-analysis, fails to contain a certain percentage of stark staring nonsense. I mention these circumstances only by contrast to throw into relief the greatness of the debt we owe to Dr. Roberts.

Harry Roberts is a doctor who has specialised on the psychological side of medicine; his general outlook and sympathies are Freudian; yet he has contrived to write a book containing no nonsense and practically no exaggeration. For example, many parents of my generation, having duly read their Freud, have been apt to approach their children like cats walking on hot bricks, such has been their fear of laying the foundations of complexes and neuroses, with the result that they have only too often been themselves responsible for the engendering of childish temperaments by dint of continually taking their children's moral temperatures. Dr. Roberts points out that, in the history of mankind, children have been brought up in all sorts of ways, most of them by modern standards utterly reprehensible; yet very few have developed neuroses. "Even in the nineteenth century the snubbed, repressed miss from the schoolroom matured into the redoubtable Victorian mamma." "Neurotics," he proceeds to point out, "form, after all, a small proportion of the adult population, and there is plenty of reason to suppose that good material is not easily spoiled by a few hard knocks." Dr. Roberts very sensibly adds that one of the chief causes not only of neuroses, but of listlessness and boredom in adult life, is the monotony of long hours in routine operations.

Again, having given an admirable account of the difficulties and failures of the old, he asks what is the secret of growing old gracefully, and answers that it is to be found in self-sufficiency and a sense of proportion. The successful aged are those who do *not* cling to the company of the young, who do *not* insist on engaging in activities unsuitable to their years. Put like this, Dr. Roberts's point is a platitude, but such is the nonsense which has been written on any and every psychological topic during the last thirty years that platitudes begin to wear the air of epigrams. Again, while making full allowance for the effect of training, education and environment in the widest sense of the word "environment," emotional, intellectual, and spiritual as well as physical, upon the development of character, Dr. Roberts does not fall into the mistake common to many psychologists of supposing that we are *wholly* the products of our environment; that, as we are trained, so we shall be.

There are, he holds, inborn differences between human beings, differences not between races but between individuals. Among the chief of these is a difference in the capacity of attention, a difference which no amount of training can overcome. Not only do we attend differently to our impressions, there is a difference in the quality of the impressions to which we attend. Some of us, for example, are more sensitive to auditory, others to visible stimuli. Obvious again; yet most modern education theory proceeds on the assumption that children are clean slates for the inscribing of whatever characters the educator holds to be valuable.

Dr. Roberts's book may be broadly described as a guide to the mind in health and sickness. It contains, first, a general account of our mental processes, of our emotions and the sublimations of our emotions, of the unconscious mind, of rationalisations and the formation of habits. There is an interesting description of the outstanding mental characteristics of the different ages of life, particularly those associated with the coming of adolescence and with the onset of old age. Finally, Dr. Roberts gives some account of the different disorders of the mind, the dissociations, the

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COLISEUM. Engadine Express. 2.30 & 8.15.

DUCHESS Glorious Morning. Wed. Thurs.

GLOBE. "Robert's Wife." Wed. and Sat.

QUEEN'S. The Merchant of Venice. W., S.

ROYALTY. 8.45 And All That. June 9.

STRAND. Banana Ridge. Wed. & Thurs.

ST. MARTIN'S. Plan for a Hostess. Tu., Fri.

WESTMINSTER. You Never Can Tell. W., S.

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HARCOURT WILLIAMS in
THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE
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GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
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Rates, and all information on page 973

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neuroses, the psychoses, and the various forms of mental defectiveness. As one reads of the immense variety of ways in which one's mind may start wrong or go wrong, of the cretins, the mongols, the microcephalics, the hydrocephalics, and the rest, one realises with alarm how precariously poised is the state that we know as mental health. Just as there is only one way of getting a sum right and an infinite number of getting it wrong, so mental health would seem to be the result of a balance between a vast number of different factors, a slight difference in the weighting of any one of which produces mental defect.

Dr. Roberts finds the secret of psychological health in a kind of integration. A person possessing a properly formed character has, he points out, "a fairly well-defined scale of personal values." To this scale he refers the choice between conflicting impulses and alternative courses of action, expressing that impulse or deciding to adopt that alternative "which better fits in with our master desires and aspirations." Originally a mere bundle of impulses and instincts, the successful man learns to dovetail them into systems under the domination of his "master desires and aspirations" so that, "while blinding himself to none," he sees "that the supreme control is left with those which correspond with his highest aspirations and aims." Mental disorder is, on this view, due to a failure to maintain harmony between our aspirations and our impulses.

I will not ask Dr. Roberts what "highest" means—he is not, after all, writing a book on ethics—but I would like to put to him the question, "Wherewith is this integration achieved; with what part of our natures, with energy derived from what source?" For Dr. Roberts holds what I take to be a heresy, namely, that the intellect and the will stand to the desires and the impulses in the relation of an engine to the steam that sets it going. The impulses, instincts and desires provide, he thinks, the raw material of our natures, while the intellect sorts, classifies and tidies up the material which the non-rational factors in our nature provide. "The intellect," he tells us, "neither supplies the impelling force nor determines the ultimate aim of our doings." It only rationalises them.

The view is a familiar one, but it has two difficulties. First, it entails a complete determinism; for, though a case can be made out for holding that we are responsible for what we will and think, we are certainly not responsible for what we wish and feel. Secondly, if the intellect is a piece of machinery endowed with no dynamic or impulsive force in its own right, with what, I repeat the question, is the integration that Dr. Roberts commends effected? Have we an *instinct* to integrate? Scarcely! The job of character-formation belongs, one would say, to the mind assisted by the moral will. Now the moral will is certainly not analysable into the elements of instincts, impulses and desires which Dr. Roberts apparently recognises as the ultimate basic forces, the sole repositories of the energies of our nature.

C. E. M. JOAD

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LA PRÉCIEUSE RIDICULE

Madeleine de Scudéry: Her Romantic Life and Death. By DOROTHY MCDOUGALL. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mlle. de Scudéry is one of the stepchildren of fame. She worked in a genre that was just about to expire, and on the verge of an epoch whose brilliance has almost completely hidden her. She went to bed a European celebrity, and woke up a laughing-stock; she survived *Les Précieuses Ridicules* forty years, but in vain—her prestige was ruined, and the prophet Boileau, last of her great contemporaries, danced on her grave. It is notorious how Boileau's judgments have stood. Even to-day, we have one distinct idea about the *Grand Cyrus*—that it is something to smile at.

The idols of a dead fashion have not always died with it; very often their image retains a lustre. But not the Scudéry's. As an artist, wrote Sainte-Beuve, she "calls up the notion of esteem—a very real esteem," but "not in the least that of charm or grace"; and her private history is defective in the same way. It first emerges from obscurity with her arrival in Paris to keep house for her brother Georges. She was then thirty years of age, and had never been handsome. Having no money, she was a predestined old maid. The "romance" of her life is peculiarly angular and unaccommodating—a platonic friendship, begun at the ripe age of forty-five, with a M. de Pellisson, seventeen years her junior, "stunted almost to deformity," and so hideous that he was said to "abuse a man's privilege of being ugly"—ravaged by the smallpox, moreover, to a degree which had made him almost unrecognisable to his best friends. "Sappho's" mental union with this paragon of unattractiveness may "call up the idea of esteem," but it is not the sort of idyll that fires the imagination. An even greater blight hangs, in retrospect, over her social activities—her group of *précieux* and *précieuses*, with their *Carte du Tendre*, their classical pseudonyms and interminable platonic wooing. These dusty little fantastics now look so childish that one can hardly believe they were grown-up people—often stricken in years to boot—and what is more, specimens of the *Français* who prides himself on being *né malin*. Beauty and fashion would doubtless have prettified the absurdity; Madeleine's drawing-room was haunted chiefly by second-rate and somewhat unappetising men of letters, with obscure spinsters to match.

For, whereas the writing women of the Great Age—Mme. de Sévigné and Mme. de la Fayette—were great ladies, Mlle. de Scudéry was only a decayed gentlewoman—received indeed, but always terribly anxious to keep her end up. "*Depuis le renversement de notre maison . . .*" she would say grandly, as though recalling the fate of empires. And nothing annoyed her like a compliment on her *bel esprit*: she was *not* a bluestocking, she was a patrician lady of culture, an exquisite amateur, like Mme. de Rambouillet. Yet all the time, this scion of a (possibly) far-descended house wrote for bread. That was the skeleton in Madeleine's genteel cupboard. She tried to keep it locked up. She put her brother's name on the door—all the romances appeared as his, and Georges always violently insisted that he had written them. But the truth popped out none the less.

This same Georges is one more example of the gracelessness of Madeleine's fortune. He was a professional playwright; we do not know how much of *Cyrus* and *Clelia* he produced as well, but at any rate the two Scudérys lived and worked together for fifteen years; their names, like those of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, are for ever associated—and what a contrast! Georges was ridiculous: he was vain: he was domineering: he was impossible. He was for ever boasting, like Madeleine, of his fallen house, and, in addition, of his service in the French Guards. He stalked the salons like a bad actor in the rôle of condottiere. There is no reason to think that Madeleine had the slightest love for him, and

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strange tales were repeated and believed about their ménage. It was said that she had not a moment to call her own: that Georges set her tasks, and then locked her in her room till they were accomplished. Dorothy Osborne (an adorer of the *Grand Cyrus*) heard a yet wilder version—"They say the Gentleman that writes this Romance has a Sister that lives with him as Mayde." The moment Pellisson began to be assiduous, this domestic tyrant flew into convulsions of jealousy and forbade him the house; so that a courtship which was already peculiar enough had the additional oddness of being conducted through intermediaries, with profound secrecy and *mystère*. Temple's correspondent, however, knew nothing of any wooer; after retailing the "Sister's" hardship, she adds regretfully: "I am sorry to tell it you, they say tis the most il-favoured Creatur that ever was borne." Poor Madeleine! One acquires a taste for her eventually; nothing could be gamer than her shabby-genteel old age, and her determination to go on living. At nearly ninety, she was telling a friend that her paternal grandmother had reached a hundred and eight, in possession of all her faculties, "so I can still hope for a few years more."

Miss McDougall's biography is good honest work, but not skilful; she seems to have been chiefly anxious to make it long enough, and a heap of information could be removed without loss. The sub-title must be regarded as a freak of fancy. With all her airs, Madeleine was bourgeoise and cautious to the backbone; her life was as unromantic as she could possibly make it, and there is surely no great romance in dying peacefully of old age.

K. JOHN

THE INDIGNANT TRAVELLER

There is No Return. By PHILIP JORDAN. *Cresset Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

There are, as Mr. Jordan says, too many autobiographies, and certainly there are too many autobiographies by journalists. But the vice is understandable. A man who witnesses some important event has the feeling that a cubit has been added to his stature, that his own importance has been heightened. He seems to himself to be as remarkable as the news; and why, as he stands watching the shells at their black fountain play in Catalonia or hears the heads crack in a police charge on the Paris boulevards, should he observe the self-denials of the profession's first person singular? Why, as the bombers hum, shouldn't you remember the girl you gazed at, with all the susceptibility of Fleet Street, in the plane coming over? Why not hint at the ups-and-downs of your marriage, the uncertainties of your stomach, your anxieties about past jobs? We are all ego-haunted nowadays, and there seems no real reason why the reporter should not do a little of the "Laugh Punchinello" stuff while the guns go off. Nevertheless, the old journalistic convention of personal reticence and neutral observation was a good one, because it was based on an experience of the difficulties of first person candour. One is an interesting, fascinating, urgent or properly indignant person, but how to convey that? Difficult. Peculiarly difficult it seems for the English, who watch with some envy the American reporters getting away with it easily, without inhibition and without the St. Vitus effects of self-pity or vainglory, which so quickly start twitching between the lines.

Well, Mr. Jordan has avoided too plenteous autobiography and has, on the whole, struck a decent balance between himself and the worlds he has known in the twenties and thirties. He has written the history of his pleasures and indignations, and when he writes like himself and not in that dégagé mannerism of the Hemingway reporters, who put an embarrassing sentimental burden on the conjunction "and" ("and we went to a bar and the girl said and I knew and always the sky"), he is excellent. He is on the Guadarama watching a woman at a machine gun, he is going through the plum blossom up to Teruel; back again, he is looking at himself in early youth writing novels on nothing a year in Porquerolles and intoxicated by the Riviera bohemia. He watches the Sacco Vanzetti riots in Paris and sees the windows crack at Tortoni's:

> One of the huge windows went first. It was so big you could see the cracks spreading across its surface as though invisible spiders were working overtime to create enormous webs.

It was that judicial murder which converted Mr. Jordan to Socialism.

Emma Goldman sits among the vines at San Tropez while Berkmann, who had been inspired by anarchist doctrine to attempt assassination, forgets his fifteen years' imprisonment in the sun and sells awful figs of his own drying to political sympathisers:

> So I said good-bye to them all: to Mr. Royce, who came from Derby and designed and tried out his motor cars down there, where he had four villas; to poor Christopher Wood and his opium-smoking friend, who . . . travelled round Europe in an ancient car with fifteen Siamese cats.

and so on to Spinelly, Tristan Tzara and the station-master with elephantiasis, the tobacconist's daughter who drank ether and to Marie who put wasps in Mr. Jordan's pyjamas because he had sacked her.

Mr. Jordan, it will be seen, has an eye for the stories in people as well as for the lie of the land. He brings back the dead days and puts his mordant stamp upon them. You test a descriptive writer not only by his general grasp of a scene, whether city or desert, sea or mountain, not only by the brilliant epithet, but by the odd phrase which catches the insuppressible criticism of the traveller's eye. Flying over the Tigris and Euphrates, for example, he notes them winding and twisting, "apparently quite unnecessarily" across the plain. "It seemed that they would have found it easier to travel straight." I am sure that from the air a great deal of the earth seems "unnecessary." An irreverent criticism, and yet exactly the sort of unconscious protest that arises from our own lives before some exotic scene. It is because Mr. Jordan is so alive to his own sensations, so ready with the unsuspected but truthful word, that one follows him enviously from one part of the zoological gardens of civilisation to the next.

MR. G. AGAIN

Gladstone. By ERICH EYCK. *Allen and Unwin.* 15*s.*

Now that Tory Democracy, like Earl Baldwin, K.G., who did his best to revive it, is firmly on the shelf, Disraeli's reputation is enjoying a little timely criticism. There are, also, many signs that Gladstone is going to benefit from this change in public feeling. Even so, I felt doubtful whether there was room for yet another biography of him. Morley's Life, so admirable in style and balance, so crushing in its handling of Tory foes and Liberal traitors, does not give subsequent biographers much of a chance,

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 973.

though as in all the really great there is something faintly formidable about those three brown volumes. Dr. Eyck, without undue bias and without any of the tricks of vulgar showmanship, tells his story simply and effectively. Even those who are not pronounced Gladstonians should enjoy this skilful retelling of the old story. There are perhaps some things in the book which an English writer would have omitted. It is, for example, hardly necessary to tell English readers what the Oxford Union is and still less necessary to tell them that some of the Oxford Colleges date back to the Middle Ages. But these are trivial carpings: as a whole the book is excellent.

Perhaps the part of Gladstone's life which is of principal interest to us at the present time is that dealing with Irish affairs. Dr. Eyck points out what is often forgotten, that in 1880 Gladstone inherited from Disraeli a rebellious Ireland and a lapsed Coercion Act. Indeed, it is possible to say that Disraeli's encouragement of the Lords to throw out Gladstone's first attempt to deal with the problem (by paying the victims of eviction for their losses) was a great disservice to both countries. After the failure of a repressive policy Gladstone, with a foresight which has been emphasised by every subsequent page of Irish history, sought conciliation by Home Rule. In moving language, which included that splendid, Victorian adjective "capital," he wrote to the Queen

> It would be great presumption on his part to mistake the mere strength of his own conviction for certain proof of being right; and he is well aware that, if he is wrong in this capital matter, all the labours and efforts of a long life can not save his memory from disgrace.

"How good he was! How great he was! How right he was!" as Queen Victoria probably said of the Prince Consort and ought to have said of Mr. Gladstone.

The only ground on which Gladstone's Irish policy can be fairly attacked is that if a man has a powerful but selfish opposition against him and is supported by a timid band of followers it is quite as bad to be wise before the event as it is to be wise after it. Yet no one, except the most inveterate Tory, could prefer the organised but polite butchery of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour to Gladstone's policy for Ireland. But no one played a larger and more responsible part in wrecking Gladstone's policy than did Joseph Chamberlain. In these days when nationalistic writers are struggling to inflate the very creditable provincial record of the Chamberlain family into a great national tradition Dr. Eyck does well to remind us of Mr. Joseph's part in the Home Rule struggle. With him there was no question of policy or principle; he was entirely governed by chagrin at not being offered a Secretaryship of State and by spleen at seeing John Morley promoted above his head. When the first Home Rule Bill was defeated the cries of Judas which followed Mr. Chamberlain out of the House of Commons were mortifying but merited. Even Mr. Gladstone—the most generous of opponents—said to him in public debate in the House of Commons "He has trimmed his vessel, and he has touched his rudder in such a masterly way that in whichever direction the winds of heaven may blow they must fill his sails." It was Lord Randolph Churchill who asked a question, the aptness of which must strike many who read this moving study of the Grand Old Man. "That is the man you have deserted. How could you do it?"

ROGER FULFORD

LORD DARLING

The Life of Lord Darling. By DEREK WALKER-SMITH. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

The Temple of the Nineties. By GILCHRIST ALEXANDER. *Hodge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This volume on Lord Darling has the nowadays rare attraction of good black print which is only marred by the unpleasant binding. It is certainly the best biography that Mr. Walker-Smith has so far written. It is not too easy to summarise the series of cases in a judicial life; but the author is neither tedious nor verbose and the interest never flags. On the second page of the book he sums up the judge's character as follows:—

> Though born in the middle of the nineteenth century, Darling was eighteenth century in his outlook and his composition. He had the admirable versatility of achievement and catholicity of taste which was the hall-mark of the great spirits of that age. He was a man of wit, taste, culture and real kindliness. To him the living of life was inevitably of more importance than the achievement of success, the method of travel as deserving of attention as the destination.

If Darling was a little detached from the nineteenth century, he was also otherwise detached by his combination of French and Scotch descent, for the mixture produces vivacity of a kind not always congenial to the Teutonic side of the English character. This rather marred his reputation as a wit, for many of his best jests were either not heard or not understood by the average newspaper reporter and his best wit is to be found in his books. In his youth he had the advantage of a financial backing from a cousin, and this enabled him to leave the solicitor's office to which he first went and to get called to the Bar. It is odd how many distinguished persons have started life in a solicitor's office, as, for instance, Disraeli and Dickens. The chapter on Darling's political career from 1888 to 1897 is particularly good and shows that, but for his appointment as judge in 1897, his political talents might have carried him far.

It is startling at this distance of time to read the violent abuse which appeared in the Liberal Press and even in *The Times* on his judicial appointment. The *Daily Chronicle* went so far as to write: "He has no serious knowledge of the law and has never handled any important practice at the Bar." The same newspaper referred to the appointment in the next day's issue as "the grossest scandal of recent times." Darling, however, had the sense to maintain silence and proceeded to justify his appointment from the start.

If any devil's advocate wanted to make a case against Darling I suppose that they would fasten on the Pemberton-Billing trial. The judge was taken by surprise on several occasions and failed to keep order. This was partly due to the neurotic atmosphere of the time (February, 1918) when the War seemed in a particularly hopeless condition, but also perhaps due to the failure of the prosecuting counsel to deal properly with Mr. Pemberton-Billing. The author acutely points out how the experience of the Pemberton-Billing trial was of considerable use to the judge in the case of *Mond v. Fraser & Beamish.* Mr. Beamish was certainly as difficult a litigant to handle as Mr. Billing.

Darling's life was prosperous except for losing his wife in 1913. He was certainly an ornament to the Bench, though, as Lord Hailsham writes in the Foreword, he did not perhaps possess the deep learning, the firm grasp of legal principle, and the capacity beyond the common for apprehending and marshalling complicated facts which distinguish a judge as "great." He was, however, a very able lawyer.

The Temple of the Nineties is on the whole rather small beer; but the author is fortunate in being illustrated by Mr. Theobald Mathew, whose sketches are quite up to his ordinary high standard Of the nine sketches perhaps the best is "A Collision in the Corridor," which portrays Thomas Willes Chitty lying on the ground as the result of a collision with Mr. Danckwerts, K.C. The author's crisp description of Mr. Danckwerts is, "He was a very bulky man with a round red face and little piggy eyes and his manners were atrocious."

I remember long ago walking into Mr. Danckwerts's chambers and finding a pale and shivering clerk, who said, "Oh, sir, Mr. Danckwerts has been banging the table with his umbrella *at me,* sir," which was much more formidable than the Shakespearean performance of biting the thumb.

No reader of this book can be ungrateful for the delightful anecdote of Mr. Forbes Lankester dressing up as a child to attend a fancy dress ball and arriving at the wrong house, or indeed for many other genial memories which will delight the layman as much as the lawyer.

E. S. P. HAYNES

SHORTER NOTICES

Among Others: SOME PAGES OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By LORD ELTON. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lord Elton has written his memoirs with great economy in the provision of dates and similar facts. He tells us that he was educated at Rugby and Oxford, that when war broke out he tricked the Medical Officer into passing him for the Army despite his deficient eyesight, that he was taken prisoner at Kut, and endured the life of a Turkish prison. He fought an Election as Labour Candidate, and was defeated, he explains, largely because his Conservative opponent had thirty times as many motor-cars at his disposition. In 1931 his eyes were unsealed, and he was able to perceive that "all that was good in the old Socialist creed—the principle of organisation, of public interest before private profit—survived as the common property now of all political Parties." He duly became a supporter of the National Government, and, in consequence, a Peer. His book reveals a gift for what is called "colourful" writing: "The *naiks* and *kot-duffadars* of the mule corps put exhausted

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

IN DEFENCE OF FREEDOM
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SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN	C. DAY LEWIS
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COMPTON MACKENZIE	CAPT. B. H. LIDDELL HART
Rose Macauly	Rebecca West
F. L. Lucas	Sylvia Townsend Warner
Richard Church	Naomi Mitchison
G. T. Garratt	V. S. Pritchett
Oliver Baldwin	Amabel Williams-Ellis
Olaf Stapledon	Susan Ertz
Storm Jameson	L. A. G. Strong
Stephen Spender	Granville Barker
Elizabeth Bowen	Frank Swinnerton

Tickets 5s., 2s. 6d. and 1s. from the Organisers: Association of Writers for Intellectual Liberty, 23 Haymarket, S.W.1 (or Museum 4387), or from Messrs. J. and E. Bumpus (477 Oxford St.), Zwemmers (78 Charing Cross Rd.), Collet's (66 Charing Cross Rd.), or at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.1.
(A limited number of free seats will be available).

SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH THE U.S.S.R.
WEEK-END SCHOOL,
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The Nationalities of the U.S.S.R.
John Lehmann, "Georgia"; Beatrice King, "Minorities Education"; John Morgan, "Agriculture"; G. D. R. Phillips, "Buriat-Mongolia"; a visitor from Biro-Bidjan. Apply S.C.R., 98 Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

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DR. P. BRIEGER: "14TH CENTURY ART: AVIGNON, PARIS AND PRAGUE." June 9th and 14th.
Both lectures will be held at 20 Portman Square, W.1, at 5.30. Admission 4s. Apply to the REGISTRAR, 20 Portman Square.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, June 5th, at 11 a.m. MR. BLACKHAM: "INSPIRATION." 7 p.m., MR. BLACKHAM: "ANATOMY OF FAILURE."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, June 12th, at 11 a.m., HERBERT READ, M.A., D.Litt.: "THE REVIVAL OF ANARCHISM." Admission free. Visitors welcome.

ARTISTS' International Association. Week-end Conference, June 11–12. Old Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks. Speakers: PROF. H. LEVY AND ERIC GILL. Inclusive Price, Saturday till Sunday night, 22s. 6d. (members £1). Camping facilities available. Particulars from Social Secretary, 20 Chalcot Crescent, N.W.1 Primrose 5471.

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SCHOOLS—continued

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SCHOOLS—continued

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OPENING OF FORTIS GREEN SCHOOL, Fortis Green, N.2. Saturday, June 11th, 1938. 3.30 p.m., Opening by the Dean of Canterbury. 4.30, Tea. 6, Dances by Basque children. All interested invited. R.S.V.P. to the Secretary at the School.

KESWICK SCHOOL, Derwentwater. Progressive education stressing Art, Music, Handicraft. Boys and girls 8–19. Laboratories, etc., rebuilding. Frequent open scholarships. Fees £82.

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CAREERS FOR GIRLS. A vacation course for careers advisers in schools and colleges, and others interested, will be held in London from August 3rd to 12th, 1938. Talks by experts on openings and trainings; visits to study conditions of training and employment; access to publications. Fee £5 5s. (Separate lectures 5s. each). Particulars from the Organising Secretary: MRS. OLIVER STRACHEY, Women's Employment Federation, 31 Marsham Street, Westminster, S.W.1. (Tel.: Abbey 1341).

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH, BEST PRICES PAID. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 ESSEX ROAD, N.1. (Canonbury 3807.)

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 973.

drabis on their mules and horses, and one sturdy *naik* is trudging on foot, leading twelve mules. . . . Twilight deepens quickly through starlit dusk to darkness. The *drabis*—their last man in by now—croon softly to themselves and cook *chupatties* over glowing embers. Thoughtfully the mules snuff at their *bhusa*, and a slender moon rises over Afghanistan." But Lord Elton does not linger long with the thoughtful mules, and the principal object of his book appears to be an assault upon those shocking creatures, the intellectuals. An intellectual, it seems, has "too much intelligence and too little character." He is "only completely at home among ideas—and books" (and Lord Elton illustrates his meaning by describing as a myopic theoretician who had never worked with his hands, Lenin). Lord Elton particularly dislikes the "critical weeklies." In their columns (we are surprised to learn) "each new Mass Execution in Holy Russia is greeted with ecstasy or at least respect." Moreover, the "ubiquitous Red reviewer" has insinuated himself even on to good Conservative papers, and consequently "any writer who conducts himself disrespectfully towards the conventions of the subversive is likely to be ignored or slanged even in journals whose professed object is to uphold Church and State." Luckily, however, the heart of the country is sound, the adherents of National Labour are steadily increasing, and "at this very present we owe our safety to an ingrained habit of grappling with each problem as it confronts us." Our safety (at this very present so conspicuous) was endangered, it seems, in 1914 by a most curious circumstance. "Although Mr. Lloyd George had lately been talking a lot about democracy, one or two worthy Quaker millionaires counted with the Liberal Cabinet for a good deal more than the multitude." This is one of many remarks that persuade us that Lord Elton's talents are wasted upon teaching history, when he might be a columnist, like Mr. Nichols and Mr. Novello, in a Sunday newspaper. For this highly specialised and deservedly well paid task he is eminently fitted by qualities of both heart and head.

To-morrow's Star. By L. CRANMER-BYNG. *Golden Cockerel Press* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is probable that our younger generations, with their militant culture, have never heard of Mr. Cranmer-Byng. He preceded Mr. Arthur Waley with translations from Chinese poetry. His two volumes, *A Feast of Lanterns* and *A Lute of Jade*, awoke many occidental minds to enthusiasm. But he was also an expositor of the wisdom of the East, carrying his doctrines into practice by applying them to the problems of Local Government. All Socialists of the pre-war and perhaps anti-Fabian school will acknowledge their debt to him. He tried to prevent their gropings after social consciousness from taking too mechanistic a channel. In his new book he is still doing so. He is therefore a prophet belatedly crying in the wilderness. The Left Book Club, one suspects, would laugh at him. For he preaches the regeneration of society through the regeneration of self. He cries out against the regimentation of the individual either by the Russian or by the German drill-books. He is even old-fashioned enough to sanctify the artist as the highest form of man, with Christ as the supreme example. Here is his definition of himself. "European, Englishman, husband and father, literary man and administrator, student of oriental religions and ancient faiths, yet, as educationalist, concerned with the affairs of a new and nascent age, individualist in art, Socialist in performance, Communist because Christian in very essence, yet opposed to all usurpation of absolute authority by Church or State, democrat yet seeker of equality through quality, one with the orchestra yet one with the audience, and at times a solitary listener-in—how shall I reconcile my many selves?" This book attempts to answer that question. There is no bogus uplift about it, as about so much of the literature which attempts, in the manner of Theosophy, to make the best of our wicked Western World in terms of the wise Eastern World. Mr. Cranmer-Byng sets out to circumscribe the paradox that in order to be a perfect citizen a man must be given space to develop first his typicality, then his individuality, and finally his personality. He argues that the totalitarian creed cuts short a man's development at the first stage, in which he remains malleable clay for use by the politician, the propagandist. The further stages he demonstrates along lines with which most people are familiar if they have read even a little in mystical literature, or even if they have thought for themselves about the difference between their social selves or characters, and their private selves or personalities. An eternal antinomy; a warfare which occupies most of our lives. The author in this book writes a concise history of that war. The reader who has suffered its ravages will recognise here a true account of his own campaigns.

Week-end Competitions

No. 430

Set by T. W. Earp

Villon in his "Testaments" makes a series of bequests to various persons of real or imaginary legacies. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best fragment, in lighter vein, of a modern Testament-poem. Length should not exceed 16 lines, but may be less.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 10th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 428

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for some *Rhymes for the Unrepressed* on the pattern of Struwel Peter or of Jane and Anne Taylor, but, in harmony with the spirit of the Modern Nursery, each enforcing an unmoral. No rhyme should be more than 24 lines in length, and the subjects should be "Greedy" Richard, "Cruel" Frederick, and "Dirty" Jim.

Report by Sylvia Lynd

This competition has produced some good responses of a kind that might have been anticipated, and some delightful ones of a kind that might not. Here is a nursery-full of uniformly detestable children whose fates could not have overtaken them in any age but our own. This, for example, is Mr. Richard Massie's "Greedy Richard," of which the second verse is admirably reminiscent of Jane and Anne Taylor, and one can picture the little fellow running off to the garden in his Kate Greenaway trousers.

GREEDY RICHARD.

"Another piece of cake," said Nurse,
"And little Dick will surely burst;
"Another pie and little Dick
"Will wake to-morrow feeling sick."
Dick flourished in her prudish eye
A gullet full of half-chewed pie;
He knows one of the blackest sins
Is leaving out his vitamins.

But cake and pie is not enough,
You cannot live on starchy stuff,
And Richard to the garden runs
To taste the gooseberries and plums.
How ripe and red!
He goes to bed
Content and uninhibited.
His mind is healthy, his inside
Is similarly satisfied.

But it is possible that some doubt might arise as to whether one state was more desirable than the other, with the result that readers might be tempted to beat their children, a result that the children would deplore more than I should myself. It is worth noting, I think besides, if I remember correctly, that no direct suggestion of beating is contained in either of the models—except in the picture of the Great Agrippa, who punished the little German boys of the civilised nineteenth century for their ostentatious Aryanism by dipping them in his inkpot. Phiz catches the spirit of the model better in the following amusing lines:

Listen, children, while I tell
The fate that cruel Fred befel,
All because his father thought
There still was such a word as "ought"
(Despite the fact his mother knew
A psychologic thing or two.)
When Frederick bit his sister Claire,
And dragged her, screaming, by the hair,
His father cried: "Fred, stop it! Leggo!"
But mother said: "The childish Ego
Must gratify its urge intense, or
Twill be stifled by the Censor."
Yet father keeps on "Fred, you oughtn't."
When, hark! What's that? A knock important!
In stalks the Censor with a frown,
And a Monstrous Eiderdown,
Grabs Fred's Ego, shoves and pokes it
Beneath his Eiderdown—and chokes it.
His mother grieves to hear Fred cry
"That Ego, Ma, was all my I."
Henceforth he'll go through life, poor kid,
Without an Ego to his Id.

This Psychic Trauma is the fate
Of all whose dads are Out of Date. PHIZ

B. H. H. makes this point too, but even more ingenious is his "Dirty Jim," in which the unwashed boy becomes:

"The lovely brown-skinned gigolo."

Company Meeting

MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

MR. SIMON MARKS ON THE COMPANY'S FURTHER DEVELOPMENT

INCREASING SEARCH FOR HIGHER QUALITY GOODS

STAFF WELFARE

THE Twelfth Annual General Meeting of Marks and Spencer Limited, was held on the 31st May last at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C. Mr. Simon Marks (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding.

After referring to the sorrow and distress felt at the tragic death of Lord Milford Haven, a member of the Board, the Chairman in the course of his speech said :—

It is with pleasure that I am again able to report a satisfactory increase in the net earnings of the Company. The net profit for the past year, after providing for Directors' Fees, Management Remuneration, Depreciation, and other charges, amounts to £1,602,450, an increase of £169,200 over the preceding year.

ALLOCATION OF PROFITS

The Directors recommend the following allocations :—

To Staff Benevolent and Pensions Fund	£25,000
Debenture Redemption Fund	£11,760
Properties Contingency Reserve	£64,598
General Reserve Account	£324,730
Payment of a final dividend on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares at the rate of 27½ per cent., thus making 42½ per cent. for the year ended 31st March, 1938	£480,509
Carry forward to next year's accounts	£85,641

ISSUE ON BONUS TERMS

The Directors recommend that £174,730 from the General Reserve Account be capitalised, and that a distribution by way of bonus be made to the holders of the existing Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares of the Company in the proportion of one "A" Ordinary Share for every ten Ordinary and/or "A" Ordinary Shares held.

RESERVES

After making the proposed allocations and provision for the Bonus Shares, our General Reserve will stand at £2,000,000, the whole of which is invested in the business and the proposed appropriation to Properties Contingency Reserve will bring the amount of that Fund up to £265,000.

Freehold, Leasehold and Leased Properties stand at £7,994,598, showing a net increase of £715,003. The Furniture and Fixtures stand at £729,387, a net increase of £92,342, and the Stock-in-Trade at £1,505,802, is an increase of £326,661 over last year.

The cash with the Bankers and in hand stands at £872,139, a decrease of £620,087 compared with last year. Last year our Cash-in-Hand was swollen by the proceeds of the Debenture Issue which had then been only partially utilised for the development of the business.

CO-OPERATION WITH SUPPLIERS

Retail distribution is becoming more complicated and more exacting. The distributor must take into account new developments in technical processes and in materials at the production end, and must also follow the changing tastes, fashions, and needs of the consumer. The public are much more discerning as to quality, durability and design of goods in relation to price, and indeed for this very reason they are more responsive to any improvement in values.

The greatest service that industry and the business sections of the community can render is to increase the public's purchasing power for the goods and the services which it needs.

Our policy has been based on the view that there is still in this country a vast untapped market which we can reach only by the creation of better merchandise values.

Our search for higher quality goods within our present price range is unceasing. This demands a close co-operation with the producer and an understanding of the joint problems involved.

I have frequently stressed the importance which we attach to close collaboration with our suppliers, and have told you how through this association both parties derive substantial advantages.

In recent years we have found it necessary to advance one step further and to establish direct contact with the producers of the material on which our manufacturers depend for their supplies. Jointly with them, our Research Department examines the quality and durability of the cloths or materials used by our manufacturers. We endeavour to follow the progress of research, and when new materials are discovered, to suggest their proper adaptation in the production of our goods.

The importance of our direct contact with the producer of materials in this country can be gauged by the fact that the yardage used by our makers-up equals in quantity the amount of cotton piece goods exported to some of Lancashire's largest markets.

By linking up the three parties in this way—the producer of basic materials, the maker-up, and the distributor—goods of a higher grade and quality have been manufactured and entirely new markets have been opened up. Our experience shows that modern methods of production allied to the continuous and expanding rate of sales provided by our Company, result directly in a four-fold benefit : first, in better value to the customers; secondly, in an increased use of raw materials ; thirdly, in greater employment, and lastly, in substantial improvements in the wages earned by the workers engaged.

The continued expansion of the volume of business which your Company enjoyed in the past year indicates that the policy which I have tried to outline to you is appreciated by the public.

DEVELOPMENT

We have considerably extended the range of our goods and added new departments. This has forced us to create additional space in our stores to display our wares adequately, and compelled us to increase the size of the unit. In the past year we built 11 new Stores (including one replacement) and enlarged 31 other Stores. We are now operating 228 Stores ; and our programme for the current year embraces 11 new Stores (including 3 replacements) and 40 extensions.

FINANCE

It has been the considered policy of your Board to finance a substantial part of the development programme out of earnings. The beneficial effect of this is two-fold. In the first place, it reduces the amount of capital which has to be obtained from time to time from outside sources, and in consequence relieves the Company of a substantial annual charge for interest ; and in the second place, the fact that the Company's issued share capital and free reserves are constantly increasing, strengthens the financial foundations of the business. This enables such additional capital as the Company requires from outside sources to be obtained at lower rates of interest than would otherwise be the case.

The profits which we have earned during the past ten years, after making ample provision for depreciation and repairs and renewals, and after meeting interest on debentures and loans, have been dealt with as follows : Approximately 70 per cent. is accounted for by dividends paid in cash upon our share capital and by provision for Income Tax, and the balance of approximately 30 per cent. is represented by sums carried to Free Reserves, part of which have, as you know, been applied in the issue of Bonus Shares from time to time.

Notwithstanding that we have every year increased the Ordinary Share Capital by the issue of Bonus Shares, the percentage rate of dividend has risen during the ten years from 15 per cent. to 42½ per cent.

The funds now in hand will be sufficient to take care of part of our proposed immediate programme, but in order to secure the continuity of development we have in mind, we have made the necessary arrangements for additional finance which will enable us to expand our business over the next two or three years.

WELFARE

For some years we have been much occupied with the improvement of the conditions under which our staff—which now number well over 16,000—are employed. The various services and benefits which have been provided for them cost the Company in the past year nearly £250,000 including direct Welfare expenditure of approximately £100,000.

During the year we have put into operation an increased scale of wages for all grades, and have evolved a flexible wage system which takes account of age, length of service, and efficiency. We introduced the 48-hour week some years ago, and to-day our normal average working week is 46 hours. The holiday with pay, now much discussed, has long been an established institution with us, and at Christmas every member of the staff receives a bonus.

The Company attaches great importance to the general health of the Staff. Hospital, dental, optical and medical services are provided at nominal charges. Convalescent Home service is provided for those who require rest after serious illness.

Subject to a minimum of six months' service, every employee who is away from work owing to sickness is entitled to wages in supplement of the National Insurance benefit for a minimum period of two weeks in each calendar year, and in a very large number of cases the Welfare Committee extend these payments over much longer periods.

As you are aware, there is in addition the Group Life Assurance and Pensions Fund, and also the Staff Benevolent Fund.

The Welfare Department organises and subsidises Social and Sports Clubs, Summer Camps, and Canteens where wholesome food is provided at a cheap cost.

The system of training which we have developed is steadily improving the service which we are able to put at the disposal of our customers.

(*Continued on page 973*)

I like Lew's "Greedy Richard," and regret that owing to some vagueness on my part he was not sure whether I wanted one rhyme or three, and sent only one.

The Taylors, however, would have been more shocked than amused, I think, at such a revelation of the grown-up masculine world. The first prize is divided, therefore, between Miss Dorothy Hawkin, whose three entries have most perfectly captured the spirit of the Taylors, and Phiz for his appreciation of Struwel Peter, and the second to Imada, who has in hers most thoroughly covered the greatest number of modern parental failures.

DIRTY JIM.

Ah! why will my dear little boy be so cross,
And cry, and look sulky, and pout?
To lose his sweet smile is a terrible loss,
I can't even kiss him without.

You say you don't like to be washed and be drest,
But would you not wish to be clean?
Come, drive that long sob from your dear little breast,
You know I don't say what I mean.

If your own inward urge tells you not to be drest,
But to run in the street as you are,
My dear little Jim always knows what is best,
Far better than darling Mama.

So James lived like a flower (though his habits grew worse),
As free as the bird or the air;
And when he was old, he wrote quite charming verse,
And his wife earned enough for the pair.

DOROTHY HAWKIN

DIRTY JIM.

Young James is an uncleanly child
He drives his aunts and uncles wild,
And both our houses are at one
About the squalor of our son.
We seldom cut his nails or hair,
Lest Complex start from some dim lair,
Nor dare we his Unconscious bruise
By deprecating muddy shoes.
We smile when he breaks up his toys
Or goes to fight the village boys—
We know he loves a bleeding nose
To spatter his dishevelled clothes.
Our child shall never be Repressed
Why should we care how he is dressed?
The lilies of the field behold!
They have no Nannie apt to scold!
All messiness is dear to Jim,
No Inhibitions menace him.
Alas! No Grannie understands
Psychology of grubby hands
Nor grasps why we delight to see
Our boy spill things about at tea—
In after years his wife shall bless
Our wisdom and his tenderness.

IMADA

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 283.—DODECAHEDRA

The problem about Octahedra (241) created so much interest that another, on the same lines, will, I am sure, be welcome.

I have an indefinite number of regular dodecahedra, indistinguishable in appearance from one another. I have pots of red and blue paint. If each face of each dodecahedron is to be painted red or blue, *how many dodecahedra which are distinguishable from one another shall I be able to produce?*

PROBLEM 281.—WEASEL'S BLANK CHEQUE

Solution held over till next week, as Caliban is out of town.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

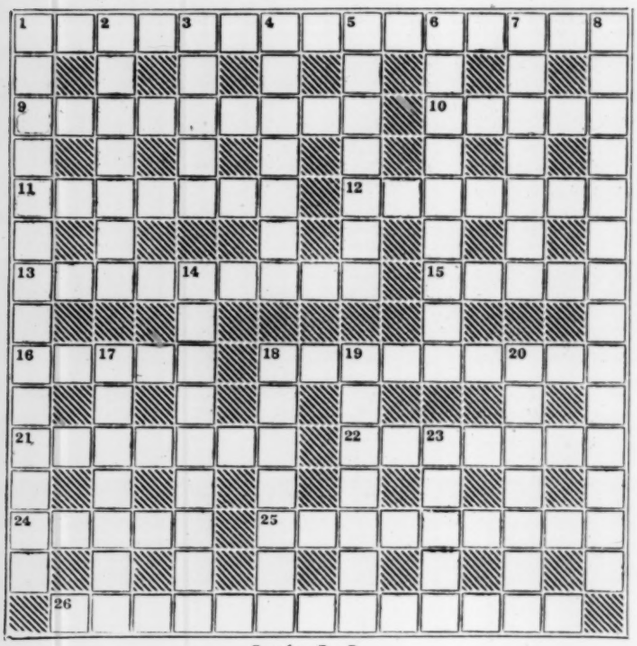
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 430

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
S. Pybus, 107 Clarendon Road, Fairfield, Manchester.

ACROSS

1. Hotted up dairy produce. (15)
9. Subordinate position of one buried in heather country. (9)
10. Fortune-tellers, good or bad. (5)
11. Not the high jump, of course. (7)
12. A toaster in pieces. (7)
13. Birds, not little skylights. (9)
15. First-class animal in India. (5)
16. Pacific way to arrange a morning run. (5)
18. One of the things that don't make a prison. (9)
21. What the ocean does for instance to the Tigris-Euphrates. (7)
22. 28 more spans. (7)
24. Cheap ingredients contain it. (5)
25. Everyone knows the age of this picture. (9)
26. Do they ensure cool hands for potboilers? (13)

DOWN

1. Utensil envisaged by cook after a convivial evening? (14)
2. A.V.A.D. involved with a net. (7)
3. The point of a thorn. (5)
4. A bend of the high road no doubt. (7)
5. Kind things to give by proxy. (7)
6. X Y Y. (9)
7. The Covent Garden spelling, not become by mourning. (7)
8. Season-able poultice. (14)
14. Star illumination? (9)
17. In English, in Latin. (7)
18. Describes the sort of thing that is never stalked. (7)
19. Alternatively nothing on earth. (7)
20. What is Norah at? Here's a possible answer. (7)
23. The doctor rises about one. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

R	E	M	O	T	E	■	S	K	I	R	T	I	N	G
E	■	A	■	O	■	S	■	N	■	U	■	S	■	R
B	A	T	I	S	T	E	■	U	N	C	L	O	V	E
U	■	A	■	C	■	W	■	C	■	N	■	L	■	A
I	N	D	I	A	N	I	N	K	■	E	X	A	L	T
L	■	O	■	■	■	N	■	L	■	E	■	T	■	S
D	A	R	N	I	N	G	N	E	E	D	L	E	S	■
S	■	■	■	N	■	M	■	D	■	L	■	■	■	S
■	G	R	E	A	T	A	M	U	S	E	M	E	N	T
T	■	U	■	U	■	C	■	S	■	■	■	N	■	U
R	A	G	E	D	■	H	O	T	H	E	A	D	E	D
A	■	G	■	I	■	I	■	E	■	A	■	L	■	F
C	A	L	I	B	A	N	■	R	I	G	V	E	D	A
E	■	E	■	L	■	E	■	S	■	L	■	S	■	R
D	I	S	P	E	R	S	E	■	J	E	T	S	A	M

MARKS & SPENCER LIMITED

(*Continued from page 971*)

The Board value very highly the co-operation and the loyalty of their staff of every grade, and I take this opportunity on your behalf, as well on behalf of the Board, to place on record our thanks to them.

Mr. Marks then moved the adoption of the Report and Accounts.

Mr. Israel M. Sieff, B.Com., Vice-Chairman, in seconding the Resolution, said :—

The merchandising principles which underlie our development policy have again justified themselves by the increased net earnings we are able to show for the last financial year.

As our Chairman has emphasised, we take great trouble to discover what our customers prefer.

In this connection I would like to pay a tribute to the adaptability and to the progressive attitude of mind of the majority of British Manufacturers who supply us. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the initiative of our merchandise development has found a fertile field in the adaptability and efficiency of British producers, who have responded admirably to the demands of our public once these have been made clear to them.

The fact is that there are still many needs of our public which have to be satisfied. Through our Merchandise Development Department we believe we are finding the mechanism which will enable manufacturers to keep in closer contact with these untapped demands.

Staff Welfare

I would like to add one or two words to the observations made by the Chairman regarding our staff. The different steps we have taken, both in regard to the improvement of the conditions under which they are employed, and in regard to their welfare, are creating not only a more contented, but a more understanding, staff. Our sales staff is increasingly composed of a more easily trained type of saleswoman, who is taking a deeper interest in her job. She is learning more about the way our goods are made and finished, and is able to impart useful information to the potential customer.

The fact that we are taking such a close interest in the health, welfare, and working conditions of our staff, brings out in our employees a ready response and a desire to develop a team spirit in the interests of our Company.

I desire also to express my thanks to our staff for their loyal and devoted co-operation.

The Resolution for the adoption of the Report and Accounts was carried unanimously.

Resolutions were also passed re-electing the Auditors and the Director who retired by rotation, and approving the proposed Capitalisation of Reserves and the Bonus Issue of one in ten to holders of Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares.

It was announced that Dividend Warrants and Letters of Allotment in respect of the Bonus Issue would be posted on the 3rd of June to those shareholders whose names were on the Register of Members on the 2nd of May, 1938.

IF YOU were rescued from the sea—

Unceasingly for the past 112 years life-boatmen have been saving an average of over a life each day. No call of distress goes unheeded. Give to these brave men to whatever extent you can afford, just as if it were your own life they had saved at sea. Give generously in pounds, shillings or pence.

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The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer.
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

WANTED. Encyclopaedia Britannica 14th Edition, Children's Encyclopaedia, Loeb Classics.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED. Highest Prices Paid for Review Copies, Good Fiction, Travel, Plays, etc.

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Subscribers going on holiday are reminded that Change of Address instructions should reach this office by first post Wednesday morning.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

PERSONAL

CULTURED home, residence offered, reasonable terms, to people interested in International Friendship. Write Box 1817.

ARTISTS invited to beautify CHAPEL. Lady Margaret Hospital, Doddington, Kent. Hospitality given.

RUSSIAN—by experienced native lady teacher. London references. Central. 'Phone. Box 1783.

WIDOW of R.I., R.B.A., herself Member of Society of Women Artists and L.R.A.M. Anxious to act as companion for secretarial duties and (or) as accompanist and artistic adviser. Fullest references. Box 1981.

WOULD lady join another (28) on cargo boat. July. Mediterranean; 40 days. Guests of Captain. Entire cost £34, including insurance. Reason, single woman not taken. Advertiser good sailor, nursing experience. Interview. Box 1984.

ARE you looking for "digs" in a home with a peaceful atmosphere amongst progressive people! Apply MISS DIGHTON, 52 Queensway, W.2.

WRITER, bachelor, 33, offers companionship and services, typing, proofreading, etc., in return hospitality, seaside or country. 3-4 months. Box 1901.

CULTURED and liberal Hungarian woman would welcome Englishwoman p.g. in her Budapest home, £8 a month incl. Also spare room in large hut on hillside overlooking Danube. 30 km. Budapest. July, Aug., Sept. £5 a month incl. Walking, swimming, boating. Box 1671.

YOUNG man (English), artistic interests, desires interesting companionship with another, week-end country walks. Non-English preferred. Box 1959.

MATURE gentlewoman (London), vivacious, broad-minded, linguist, adventurous spirit, interested in Life, seeks congenial friends, either individuals (not over 35) or circle. Kindly write Box 1972.

SCHOOL, small, wanted for girl aged 11, backward but not defective with slight physical handicap. Box 2008.

YOUNG Man (34) desires intellectual companionship with another (London). Box 2010.

"SMALLS" RATES

3d. a word ★ for single insertions.

4d. for words in CAPS (except the first). Lines in Caps 1/9.

Series Discounts: 5% for 3 insertions; 10% for 13 insertions; 15% for 26 and 20% for 52.

Minimum Twelve Words.

Box Numbers—1/- extra. This charge includes forwarding replies.

Box Number replies should be addressed: "Box No. . . . c/o New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1."

All small advertisements must be prepaid and copy should arrive by TUESDAY. Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER.

Holiday Suggestions — Special cheap rate on application.

★ ONE WORD Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans. Ashton-under-Lyne. Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS. Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street. 24 Broadway.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

PART-TIME VACANCY

WANTED for Highgate district, for an hour in the early evening several times a week, a shorthand typist used to general office routine. The times would be mutually agreed and, if satisfactory, the arrangement could continue indefinitely.

PERSONAL—continued

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN CHINA? Write for specimen copy of bulletin: East Asia News Service, 7 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

WANTED *au pair* intelligent care boy, 16 months, July to Sept. 30th; 10 bob pocket money. CLEMENCE, Llanrwst, North Wales.

ENGLISH Partner required by Frenchwoman who is shortly opening P.N.E.U. Day School (country). Apply Gabbitas, Thring and Co., Ltd., Scholastic Agents, 36 Sackville Street, London, W.1.

PICTURES and works of art restored by experts. Interior decoration. J. HERRMANN (established 1890), 10 Fitzroy Street, W.1. Museum 0580.

"THE ART OF RECORD BUYING," 1938. A new and greatly enlarged edition of this book is now ready. It contains over 100 pages of information that is invaluable to all gramophone owners, and enables them to be sure of choosing the best version of works they wish to add to their collection. Send 2*d.* in stamps for a free copy.
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CASH Loans from £20 promptly advanced without security. Write, 'phone or call.
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ADVANCES, £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 8 Clifford Street Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel.: Regent 5983.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

BURST GOLD BUBBLE—THE COMMODITY SLUMP AND METAL SHARES—WHEAT OUTLOOK

THE gold gamble has collapsed. Speculators who had bought Western Holdings shares at over 20*s.* last Friday read at their breakfast tables on Monday, as the eggs grew cold, that widely different (and conflicting) results had been obtained in the three assays of the core splits from the borehole at 2,417 feet. The directors of the company stated that until the borehole had been deepened and further assays made no final conclusion could be reached as to the value of the reef. If the "professionals" hoped to sell their shares quickly before the public realised the position they were mistaken. The jobbers forestalled them by arriving early in the City and quoting an unofficial price before the "House" opened of 10*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* Support was then given to the shares up to 18*s.* 3*d.*, but at the moment of writing they have relapsed to 14*s.* 3*d.* This miserable collapse cast a shadow upon all the speculative markets, and towards the end of the account (Thursday this week) some heavy offerings of industrial shares were conspicuous in the market. Even oil shares failed to hold a rise in spite of the handsome increase in the final dividend of the Anglo-Iranian (15 per cent. plus 5 per cent. bonus, making 25 per cent. for the year on a larger capital). Once again the account has shown that business on the Stock Exchange, outside the gilt-edged market, has dwindled to negligible proportions and that the trend of equity share prices is still downward.

* * *

The continuing slump in wholesale commodity prices is becoming disquietingly reminiscent of the market conditions which preluded the crash of 1931. In the past twelve months Reuter's index of British prices shows a fall of nearly 29 per cent., and the rate of decline in the U.S.A. has been even steeper. So far as the commodities subject to regulation schemes are concerned, dealers are watching a race between curtailment of output and growth of stocks. With the price down to 5 $\frac{9}{16}$*d.* per lb., this year's world consumption unlikely to exceed 900,000 tons, and visible supplies swollen to nearly 600,000 tons, the International Rubber Regulation Committee has cut the October—December quota to 45 per cent.—a drastic step which may prevent the stock situation from getting out of hand, but will have disturbing effects on labour in the producing countries. Tin, which was selling a year ago at £245 per ton, fell to £157 10*s.* at the end of last week. A slight recovery followed, on hopes that the International Tin Committee (whose decision was not known as we went to press) would split the existing 55 per cent. quota and divert 15 per cent. into a buffer pool. Whether this method of putting off the evil day will steady the price for any length of time is questionable unless consumption quickly revives. For the first quarter of 1938 world absorption showed a decline from 51,000 to 40,700 tons in comparison with last year. Still more precarious is the statistical position of copper. Thanks to rearmament demand, absorption of the metal outside America this year has been satisfactory; but U.S. consumption has slumped, refined stocks exceed 350,000 tons and the weakness in the price of scrap suggests that it may not be possible to maintain even the reduced domestic price of 9 cents per lb. The market is seriously disturbed by fears of a renewal of large-scale exports by the American Customs smelters. At under £33 per ton, the world price of copper compares with £59 a year ago, and the falls have been equally severe in the case both of lead and zinc. Moreover, it should be remembered that at this time last year the spring boomlet in metal prices had been deflated.

* * *

The immediate outlook for metal shares is consequently depressing. Consider, for example, earnings on copper and lead-zinc shares if copper remains at around £32 and lead and zinc at about £13 per ton:

	Est. Earnings.	Price of Shares.	Est. Earnings Yield.
Roan 5/-	10%*	15/-	3.3%
Rhokana £1	31%*	10/-	3.1%
Rho. Anglo-American 10/- ..	8%*	20/-	4.0%
Zinc Corporation 10/- ..	10%	3	1.7%

* With a quota of 105 per cent. and an average copper price of £32 for the year.

This estimate may understate the earnings position of Zinc Corporation, for working costs may be reduced by the new mill, for which no allowance has been made. Moreover, if lead and zinc prices recovered to around £15, the earnings of Zinc Corporation would work out at 30 per cent. Tin shares are rather more favourably situated:

	Est. Earnings.*	Price of Shares.	Est. Earnings Yield.
Southern Kinta 5/- ..	13.7%	14/-	4.9%
Southern Malayan 5/- ..	22.0%	22/6	4.8%

* With a quota of 55 per cent. and an average price for tin of £160.

No doubt these shares would quickly respond to the first signs of recovery in the United States. The present market prices undoubtedly suggest an assumption among investors that the depression in America will not endure much longer. I wish I could share their optimism.

* * *

The trouble extends far beyond the rubber and metal markets. Sugar has fallen in twelve months from 6*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*, cocoa from 34*s.* to 18*s.* per cwt. Cotton (July futures) has slumped from 7.12*d.* to 4.15d. per lb., or only fractionally better than the lowest price recorded since the pound was divorced from gold in the 1931–32 crisis. The end of season carry-over is now put at over 23 million bales—a figure which is 5 millions above the previous, 1932, record—and manufacturers' in-take, both here and in the U.S.A., is still declining as a result of the chaos in the Far East. Finally, July wheat has fallen to under 5*s.* 9*d.* per cental, as compared with 9*s.* 2*d.* a year ago. This season's excess of exportable supplies over the world's import requirements is now estimated at 216 million bushels; the U.S. harvest seems likely to yield over 1,000 million bushels, as compared with a 1933–36 average of 580 millions; and the Canadian yield is put at double those of the two last years. With wars and autarky restricting consumption, the abundance of Nature has joined with human folly in creating once more a crisis of "over-production" and slumping prices which destroy the purchasing power of primary producing countries. From the investment angle, not a favourable omen.

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Complete details are contained in a free book "The Investor's Dilemma and the Way Out," a copy of which will be sent to all who send a post-card bearing their name and address to:—

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Company Meeting

ALLIED NEWSPAPERS LTD.

LORD KEMSLEY CONDEMNS NEWSPAPER CANVASSING

THE Fourteenth Ordinary General Meeting of Allied Newspapers, Ltd., was held on May 31st at Stationers Hall, London.

Lord Kemsley (Chairman of the Company) presided and said (in part): The profits for the year amounted to £1,008,057, as against £1,099,275 for 1936, a reduction of £91,218, which in the main is due to increased expenditure principally wages, the falling-off of financial advertising, and the additional expenses incurred for special issues of our papers during the Coronation period. After deducting £277,000 for income tax and National Defence Contribution, and after charging Debenture interest and the Preference dividend, but including the amount brought forward, there remains an available balance of £506,550.

Your directors recommend the payment of a dividend of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. They also recommend the transfer of a further £100,000 to general reserve (which will then stand at £2,500,000), leaving to be carried forward £261,550, as compared with £260,882 brought forward from the previous year. As the expenditure on buildings, plant and machinery for which additional capital was required has not yet been completed, the economies and increased efficiency which will result therefrom are not reflected in these accounts. The liquid cash position is satisfactory.

Most of you are aware that some little time after our last Annual Meeting notice was given by the manufacturers of a very substantial increase in the price of paper for 1938. As there has been a marked fall in the price of pulp, we anticipate a considerable decrease in the price of paper in 1939.

EVIL OF CANVASSING

I think that canvassing is a great evil, and that expenditure on it proves in the long run to be mostly wasted. I said last year that we would prefer to stop all canvassing, and this we have now done in connection with every one of our papers. Another group have also stopped canvassing, and there are some indications that this policy which we have strongly advocated for some considerable time will be adopted by others in the newspaper world. Canvassing will only be resumed by us as a defensive measure if and when it becomes imperative.

In my speech last year I dwelt on the responsibility of the Press, and emphasised the need for preserving the highest standards of decency in both the matter and the illustrations that were printed. These principles we have done our utmost to maintain.

So far as general development is concerned, last year I outlined a scheme for building and machinery replacement of some magnitude. I am pleased to inform you that the work is being carried out satisfactorily, and its completion will add greatly to the efficiency of our undertakings.

I refer to the *Sunday Times* without hesitation as being the greatest Sunday newspaper in this country. For its presentation of the world's news it is unsurpassed.

Both the *Daily Sketch* and the *Sunday Graphic* have a national circulation, largely amongst the substantial householders of the country. The *Daily Sketch* every weekday, and the *Sunday Graphic* on Sunday, gives an epitome of the important home and foreign news. Both provide instruction and recreation for every member of the family. They give the news in pictures and in print. "All the News and Pictures Fit to Print" is our now famous slogan.

Manchester, as you know, is our most important centre, and is more progressive to-day than it has been at any time in its history. We own there the *Daily Dispatch*, *Evening Chronicle*, *Sunday Chronicle*, *Empire News*, *Sporting Chronicle*, and several other publications.

That popular national paper, the *Sunday Chronicle*, has maintained and strengthened its position during the year, and it has no superior as a newspaper which every member of the household can enjoy. It has attracted to its pages a team of famous writers unrivalled by any other popular newspaper in the world.

The *Empire News* keeps its hold on the prosperous industrial classes, by whom it has been read for more than a generation.

Lord Kemsley went on to deal individually with the Company's newspapers published from Glasgow, Newcastle, Sheffield, Cardiff, Middlesbrough and Aberdeen. After voicing the thanks of the shareholders to the staff, he concluded: The properties of Allied Newspapers represent one of the most powerful newspaper groups ever known, controlling 26 important daily and Sunday newspapers, some of them established for over 100 years. I have every confidence in the future of Allied Newspapers, and know that the full energy of your Board is being applied to preserving and furthering its interests.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Lord Iliffe, C.B.E. (Deputy Chairman), the report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

EVER READY

REGD. TRADE MARK.

MANUFACTURERS OF BATTERIES

DRY CELLS . ACCUMULATORS . RADIO EQUIPMENT . MOTOR CAR ACCESSORIES

PORTABLE ELECTRIC LAMPS

Net Trading Profit for year to March 31st, 1938	**£531,575**
Balance carried forward to next year	**£68,402**
Dividends on Ordinary Stock	**35%**

POINTS from the Speech of Mr. MAGNUS GOODFELLOW (Chairman) at the Annual General Meeting of THE EVER READY COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LIMITED, on June 1st, 1938.

SATISFACTORY BUSINESS

While the Report and Accounts for the past year are satisfactory, nevertheless we must all feel regret that the expansion in our business that has continued year after year since the existing Company was formed in 1920, was in the past year arrested—let us hope but temporarily.

Until the end of the year 1937 we recorded a normal expansion in our Sales, but during the last four months ending March 31st, 1938, we experienced a considerable recession, due to the fall in public consumption. It is well known that many important manufacturing businesses throughout the country experienced a similar falling off in business, and I have read the expression of many thoughtful views on the reasons for this state of affairs. It appears to me that during the past year we have all been brought to realise more clearly the very disturbed conditions existing throughout the world—and reflected in our country by the continued increase in the heavy burden of taxation, the fall in investment values, and the consequent curtailment of public spending.

COMPETITION

We have had to meet competition by price cutting during the period under review—not, for us (who have spent 35 years in developing and fostering this trade) a novel experience, and we are aware that some of these competitors are sustaining actual trading losses in selling their goods at the prices they do. It is fortunate for this Company that the complete reorganisation of our manufacturing facilities, begun now some six years ago, enables us to view this competition with composure and to maintain in the face of it our business and our profits.

REPORT AND ACCOUNTS

The surplus of Profit, over the sum required for the Dividends we recommend to you, amounts to £151,000.

The various items of Capital investment (Buildings, Plant and Machinery, Subsidiary Companies and Trade Investments) have not yet had time to be reflected to any considerable extent in our profits. It is, however, our hope and expectation that we shall obtain advantages in the future. We do not anticipate any considerable expenditure under these heads during the coming year.

DIVIDENDS

The Dividend of 35 per cent. on the Ordinary Stock we recommended for the year calls for the payment of £56,500 more than the similar Dividend of a year ago. Whilst the surplus profits would have admitted of the payment of a Bonus, we came to the conclusion that, having regard to the disturbed conditions of the world and our widely spread interests, we should best be discharging our duty by following the more prudent course of retaining this surplus in the business.

PRESENT YEAR'S TRADING

Whilst Sales in the new year have not opened well (at this time last year we were benefiting from the Coronation festivities), the strength of our Trading position, assisted as it will be by considerable saving in costs of production, gives me the hope that I shall come before you a year hence with a satisfactory report.